THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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☞ We commenced in THE POST of January 2nd a new story by that celebrated writer, Mrs. Woon, author of "EAST LYNNE," "VERNER'S PRIDE," &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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OF

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TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2; Two copies, $3; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one *gratis*), $12; Twenty (and one *gratis*), $25. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, $3.

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Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen numbers will be sent gratuitously (when written for) *to those desirous of procuring subscribers.*

☞ Editors inserting the above will be entitled to an exchange.

☞ A SMILE.—Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh, yes! I know," said the child, "it is a whisper of a laugh."

☞ The elephant, though very fond of praises and caresses, is not spoiled by them; here is his superiority to men and women.

☞ Sin and misery are not lovers, but they walk hand-in-hand just as if they were.

FANCY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOHN COLLINS.

Far up Chimborazo's steep,
Himalaya's wooded side;
Where the deadly night-winds creep
Over Ganges' sluggish tide;
Where the hoary Nile o'erflows
Egypt's old and fertile shore,
And the Sphynx, in long repose,
Watches as it did of yore;

O'er Arabia's burning waste
Where to linger long is death,
And the caravan in haste
Flies before the Simoom's breath;
In the moonlight sweet and calm,
Sleeping over Oman's sea,
Fringed by many a noble palm,
There I spread my pinions free.

In the rushing and the roar
Of Niagara's glorious wave;
Where the whirling waters pour
Down the Maelstrom's fearful grave;
O'er the iceberg's glittering spire,
In the gloomy Arctic sky,
Or Stromboli's constant fire,
Upward—onward still I fly.

Deep within the ocean caves,
While above the billows roar,
And the tempest loudly raves
Round the stormy Indian shore;
There I build my princely throne,
Pearls and gems around me spread—
Coral rocks my halls of stone,
Swaying moss festooned o'erhead.

Naught to me is time or space—
Ages dwindle to an hour—
None can find my dwelling place—
None may know my wondrous power.
Faster far than light I sweep
Round the world from pole to pole;
Noiseless as when waves asleep
On the wide Pacific roll.

With my magic, viewless wand,
Mimic art I oft inspire,
Or as with a burning brand,
Kindle true poetic fire.
Wandering thought I lead at will
Through my wild and weird domain,
Nought my vast desires can fill,
None can curb me or restrain.

Ever since creation's dawn,
In the depths of ether far,
Traversing the dark unknown,
I have roamed from star to star.
I have heard from harps of praise,
Heavenly songs in chorus swell—
I have shuddered at the gaze
Of the myriads doomed in hell.

Long ere the primeval flood,
Have I ruled the minds of men—
With old priests and prophets stood
On Judea's sacred plain.
Thus I show my ancient sway,
Thus declare my world-wide fame—
Search and tell me if ye may,
Where I live, my age and name.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

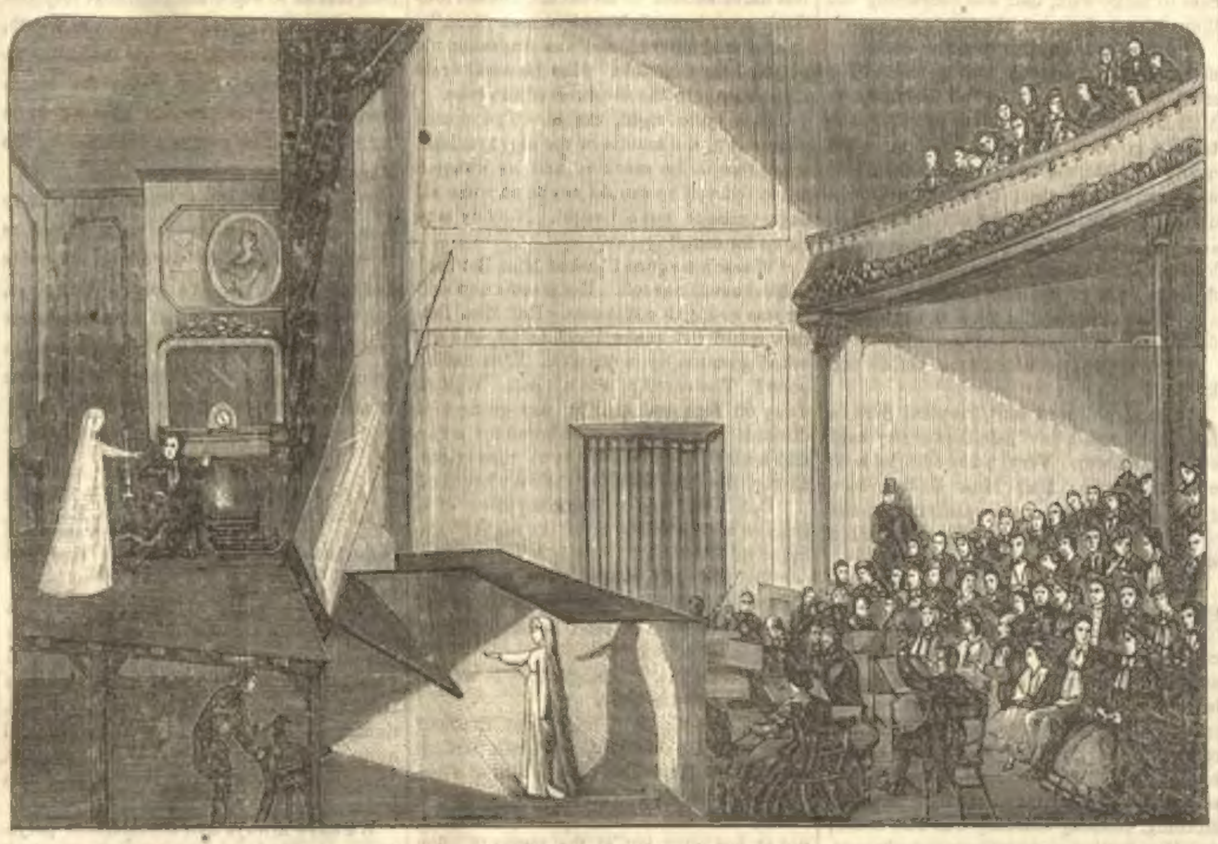
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XVI.

COMMOTION.

If ever the signs of misery, of despair, of terror, were depicted on a human face, they were on Dr. Davenal's as he sat that night in his study. He was as a man who has received some great shock; a shock that strikes a species of paralysis alike to the heart and to the frame. His arms hung down listlessly, his head was bent, his fixed eyes had a wild anxious look, most foreign to the usually calm orbs of the composed surgeon. An hour and a quarter had he thus sat since the departure of that midnight visitor who had brought with him so much apparent mystery, so much woe, and the house clock was striking one. The sound did not arouse Dr. Davenal; he sat on with his face of terrified despair.

The wax taper, unheeded, unlooked at, stood on a side table where it had been accidentally put. It had burnt nearly to the socket, and it now began to spurt and gutter with a great light—the signs of its end.



MODERN NECROMANCY.

The above engraving probably will give our readers a clearer idea of the new mode of producing a phantom on the stage, than the descriptions which have been published. They will see that the reflection of the draped figure (upon which a strong light is concentrated by means of a lens), is thrown on the large glass, which being simply plate glass, does not intercept the view of the stage behind it, and generally is not even observed to be there. Of course, although the reflection is really from the glass, the object appears to be as far behind it as it really is in front of it—just as in a looking glass the same effect is observed.

That awoke Dr. Davenal from his reverie. The prospect of being left in the dark was not a convenient one, and he tore a bit of paper from a journal lying near, and essayed to light the gas, completely forgetting that it had been turned off at the main.

Finding his mistake, he stood a moment with his hand to his temples, as if endeavoring to collect thought, and then opened the door of his bedroom. Candles always stood there on the mantelpiece ready for lighting, and he brought one forward and succeeded in catching a light for it from the dying taper.

This had the effect of effectually arousing him. He looked at his watch, and then held the candle to a book-shelf, whence he selected a local railway-guide, and sat down to the table to consult it.

"Nothing until the morning!" he exclaimed in a tone that might have been one of vexation but for its deeper pain. "Stay, though! Yes, there is. There's the train that passes here at 8.20 for Merton; and I should find a train on from thence. Then I must go by it. There's no time to be lost, once the morrow has dawned, if this unhappy business is to be suppressed. Twenty minutes past three—and now it is one. I can lie down for an hour and a half."

He went at once into his bedroom, took off his coat, and lay down on the outside of the bed. There was no fear of his oversleeping himself; sleep for a troubled mind in its first shock, troubled as was Dr. Davenal's, is out of the question.

Rest also seemed to be. He could not lie. He tossed and turned on the uneasy counterpane, and finally sprung off it with a groan of agony, and took to pacing the room. Neal, who was regaling his ear at the chamber door, could hear every footfall of the slippers, every sigh of the distressed heart. Never more, never more in this world, would the heart of Richard Davenal lose its care.

Neal was not in the habit, with all his ferreting propensities, of sitting up at night to pursue them; but this night was an exceptional one. To say that Neal had been astonished, confounded at what had taken place, at the knowledge he believed he had acquired, would be saying little, in comparison with its effect upon his mind. He did not love his master; he did not like him; it may not be going too far to say that he hated him: for Neal's instinct had taught him that his master partially saw through him, partially suspected the villain that he was; but to believe him capable of deliberately destroying one of his patients was, in point of fact, almost too great a stretch for even Neal. Until that night, Neal could not have believed him capable of any wrong act; he gave him credit, for he could not help doing so, for his honor and his virtues while he disliked him; but he did in truth now believe that Dr. Davenal had wilfully killed Lady Oswald; that is, that he had given her the chloroform deliberately, knowing it would probably take her life.

The faintest possible doubt of this had been caught from the words of Parkins. Not real doubt, but a sort of angry feeling of the extreme imprudence of the doctor in having given it. Neal no more believed then that Dr. Davenal had done it, or was capable of doing it, than he could have believed the most monstrous improbability in the world. Still the *idea* had been admitted; and when that strange visitor was with his master afterwards, and Neal heard with his own ears the suspicious words that fell, he could put upon them but one interpretation—that, incredible as it seemed, his master *was* guilty, and not unintentionally, of the death of Lady Oswald. Neal hoped to arrive at the why and the wherefore, and he thought nothing of sitting up the night to do it; if, by that means he might gain any satisfactory solution. Neal, it must be confessed, was utterly stunned with the affair, with the belief; he could not see or understand yet with any clearness; like a man who is struck violently on the head, and looks around him in stupid, helpless maze, as if he had a dead wall before him. A shock to the head and a shock to the mind will bear, for the passing moment, the same apparent result.

Dr. Davenal paced his room—his two rooms, in fact, for the door was open between them—and he passed from one to the other in his restless wanderings, his mental agony. Soon after two he began to wash and dress himself; that is, he changed some of his clothes, and poured out a wash-hand basin of cold water and splashed his face with it. He put on a pair of boots; he searched for his gloves; he looked out an overcoat; and then he stood for a few minutes and thought.

Lifting the writing-desk from underneath the table, where you may remember it was kept, he unlocked it, and was for some little time examining certain papers it contained. Some of these he put in his pocket, and then he locked the desk and replaced it. Next he sat down to write a note—just a line or two.

It was getting on past the half hour then. He opened the door and went forth from his room. Neal, who had heard him coming, peeped from his pantry and saw him turn to the stairs, the candle in one hand, a note held in the other. Neal cautiously stole forward a step or two, and looked and listened.

He was down stairs again instantly; he had only gone to the first door, and had not opened any door, or Neal must have heard it; had not, in fact, been long enough to open one. The note was gone from his hand, and Neal wondered where he had left it.

He went into the study, and came out without the light, an over-coat on, and his hat in his hand. The moonlight shone in now through the fan-light over the front door, and Neal could see so much. He appeared to be coming towards the pantry; Neal silently closed the door and slipped the noiseless bolt. Neal took very good care to keep his own locks and bolts well oiled.

Dr. Davenal essayed to open the pantry-door and found it fastened. He shook it, knocked at it, not over gently. Neal, too great a diplomatist to be taken at a loss, flung off his coat, waistcoat, and slippers, threw back his braces, rumpled his hair, and opened the door to his master with the air of a man just aroused from his bed.

"Why do you sleep with the door locked, Neal?"—and the question was put in an imperative tone.

"I—it is but very rare that I do, sir. I must have shot the bolt last night without thinking of it."

"I won't have it done. Nobody shall sleep in my house with a locked door. It is a dangerous habit. Were a fire to take place, and the sleeper a heavy one, he might not be aroused in time. Don't do it again, Neal," he continued, changing his tone, "I am summoned out farther away than usual. I don't care to disturb Miss Davenal—you can tell them to-morrow morning. I shall not be home all day."

"Have you to go far, sir?" inquired Neal.

"Yes. I don't expect to be home all day, I tell you, and that's why I bid you inform them. Nobody is to sit up for me to-morrow night; I may be detained longer. Tell Miss Davenal so."

"Very well, sir," replied Neal. "Is the carriage ready for you?"

Neal put this cunningly. He felt sure his master was not going in the carriage.

"I don't require the carriage. That's all, Neal; you can go to bed again. I was obliged to disturb you."

Dr. Davenal turned, walked straight to the front door, and let himself out at it, closing it securely after him. Neal waited a moment, rearranged his attire a little, and then stepped also to the front door and drew the heavy bolt across it. No danger now of his master's coming in with his latch-key to pounce upon him.

Neal got a light, went into the study, and took a leisurely survey. He was scarcely rewarded. There was nothing whatever about, more than on other mornings; no signs remained of the stranger's visit, not a trace that could betray any disturbance on the part of Dr. Davenal. The sherry and biscuits were put up; Neal walked across to the dining-room and found them in the sideboard, just as he had left them on the previous night. The glass, used, stood on it. Neal solaced himself with some of the sherry, and went back to the study.

The old cloth was undisturbed on the table, the blotting-book and inkstand lying on it. Neal looked through the book, but received no satisfaction. He examined the pens, and saw that in one the ink was not yet dry. In the bed-room the clothes which his master had taken off lay about; Mr. Neal *en passant* visited the pockets and found them empty; and the bed was pressed on the outside, but had not been slept in. That curious visit in the night might have been a dream, for all there was left to tell of it.

"But there's that note yet," thought Neal. "What did he take it up stairs for, and where did he leave it?"

Stealing up the stairs in his stockinged feet, shading the light in his hand, Neal came to the vestibule, and looked on the table. He looked on the stand, which held a beautiful statue in marble, he looked up even at the frames of the pictures; he looked everywhere. But there was no letter.

"I'm positive he did not stop long enough to open a door!" ejaculated Neal, rather at a nonplus.

A bright thought struck him. He bent down, shading still the light with his hand, and peered under Miss Sara Davenal's door. And then came Neal's reward. He saw the corner of something white quite close to him, not pushed entirely beyond the door. Dr. Davenal, not to disturb his daughter, had pushed his letter to her in that way.

Neal took out his pen-knife, and with its help by dint of perseverance and ingenuity, succeeded in drawing back the note, which he stole down stairs with, and into his own chamber. A little more ingenuity with the pen-knife, and the envelope, not yet fully dry, came open. Neal had obtained an insight into some secrets in his life, but never one so weighty as this, never one that touched on that ugly word "murder," which was running through Neal's mind; and his usually impassive face grew streaked with the scarlet excitement.

"MY DEAR CHILD,

"Business connected with this most unhappy secret obliges me to go out for a day, perhaps two. I shall leave a message with Neal. Do not appear to know anything when he delivers it; bear it as though you were a stranger to everything. Don't talk of my absence to any one if you can help it. People will conclude I have gone to see some patient at a distance, as will your aunt; it is not necessary to undeceive them. R. D."

There was not so very much to be made out of that, and the scarlet streaks faded again from Neal's disappointed face. "This most unhappy secret," he repeated over twice, as if the words bore some euphonious sound. Whatever it might be, the secret, it was evident that Miss Sara Davenal had been made cognizant of it; and Neal rather rejoiced in the pill it must be for her, for he liked his young mistress not one whit better than he liked his master. He read the note again, refastened it in the envelope, stole up stairs to push it under the door, and then retired to his late bed.

Meanwhile, Dr. Davenal was walking along the streets of the town, lying so calm, so still in the moonlight. Not with any hurried tread; rather with a slow one. In his restlessness of mind, he had come out sooner than he need have come; but bodily action is a relief to mental anguish.

"Good-night, doctor! Or rather, morning—for that's what it is."

The salutation came from one of the general practitioners of the town, a hard-worked apothecary, whose business took him abroad a good deal at night. He was hastening up a side-street, near the Town-Hall, and Dr. Davenal had not observed him.

"Ah, is it you, Smithson! A fine night, is it not?"

"All nights are pretty near the same to me," returned Mr. Smithson. "I see too much of them. I wish folks would be so accommodating as to choose the day to be ill in. I don't know who'd be one of us. It's not often that we see you abroad at night, though, doctor!"

"Not often. We can't help it sometimes, you know. Good-night."

They were bound different ways. The doctor had walked on his, when Mr. Smithson came running back.

"Dr. Davenal, what is the truth about Lady Oswald? I hear she's dead."

"She is—unhappily."

"And the report going about is, that she died from the effects of chloroform! Could not rally after inhaling it."

"Ah, it's a sad thing," replied the doctor; "a grievous thing. There's the dark side in these new discoveries of our practice: sacrificing the few while blessing the many. Good-night, I say. I can't stop."

"It's true then, that it was the chloroform?"

"Yes, it's true."

Dr. Davenal increased his pace: he was in no mood for questioning, and this in par-

ticular was painful to him. A short while, and he stood before the abbey, looking up at its windows. He was sorry to disturb Mark, but he deemed it was necessary, and he rang the night bell.

A new bell which Mark Cray had caused to be placed in the house since he took it, and which rang himself up, not his household. Dr. Davenal waited, but the ring was unanswered, and he rang again, with the like result.

A third summons brought Mark to the window, half asleep still.

"If that's the way you are going to let your night applicants ring, Mark Cray, almost as good not put up the bell."

Mark Cray could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw who was the speaker.

"I was in a heavy sleep," he answered. "Did you ring more than once?"

A heavy sleep! Truly Dr. Davenal marvelled at the words. He marvelled that sleep could have visited Mark Cray that night, after his share in its fatal work.

"What is the matter?" asked Mark. "Am I wanted?"

"It is I who want you," said the doctor. "I must say a word to you if you'll come down. I am called out of town."

Mark attired himself sufficiently to descend, which he did in a state of wonder. He had never received a night visit from Dr. Davenal: it was quite out of the usual order of things, and he would about as soon have expected to see a live kangaroo wait upon him. He opened the front door and they stepped into the large parlor.

"Who is ill?" inquired Mark. "Are you called out far?"

"I am going out on a little private business of my own. The train for Merton will be through presently, and I shall take it. If—"

"Why did you not tell me last night?" interrupted Mark.

"Because I did not then know I should have to go. You must take my patients for me. What I wished particularly to say to you was about the inquest. They can't call it for to-morrow,—that is, to-day—Monday; but I think they are sure to hold it on Tuesday. If I am not back—"

"What inquest?" interrupted Mark, wonderingly.

"The inquest on Lady Oswald."

"My goodness! Do you think they'll get up an inquest over her?"

"Of course they will. What are you dreaming of? The remote cause of her death was the accident to the train. I am not quite sure of being back. I expect to be home on Tuesday morning early: but it is possible I may be detained a little longer. If I am not back, Mark, you will be the only witness—at least, the only one who can speak to the facts of the death. Let me advise you to say as little as possible. Volunteer no information; answer their questions briefly; and don't get into a long-winded narration, as you are apt to do, otherwise you may betray yourself. You will not mistake me," Dr. Davenal added. "I have always been open, truthful, candid as the day; and if I so advise you now it is in your interest. I was thinking this over a great deal last evening after I left you, and I see that it is essential for your good name in your profession that the facts of the case should not be made known. Do not suppose I advise you to a direct deviation from the truth—nothing of the sort. 'Chloroform was exhibited with a view to lessen her sufferings, and she never rallied from it,' is all you need say. Similar cases are unhappily not unknown; I fear not very uncommon; and the coroner will not be likely to exact minute particulars, or inquire whether you gave it her, or whether I did. He will assume that we acted in concert."

Mark Cray nodded. He was nervously and incessantly pushing back his hair.

"I know how fond you are of talking," resumed Dr. Davenal, "therefore I deemed it well to give you this caution. To tell you the truth, I had rather not be at the inquest, and shall not be sorry if I can't get back."

"Are you going away on purpose?" suddenly asked Mark, who was much given to leap to conclusions.

"Certainly not. I am going on an important matter of my own. Look here, Mark Cray: one good turn deserves another. It will be concluded in the town that I am called to a patient at a long distance: as I have been before, you know, and detained out two or three days. People will be sure to think it now, and there's no necessity to undeceive them. You will oblige me in this. I don't want the town to concern itself with my private affairs: let people think I am with a patient. They don't know to the contrary at home."

"I shan't say anything to the contrary," said Mark. "Let people think what they will: they are a set of busy-bodies at the best."

Dr. Davenal departed. And Mr. Cray went back to his room, sleepy still, but wondering in the midst of it what could have called away the doctor suddenly to a distance. No letter could have arrived in the middle of the night, Mark argued: and a suspicion crossed his mind that he was, in spite of his denial, going away to avoid the inquest.

The doctor walked over to the station, there to await the train. He had given this caution, as to Mark's testimony at the inquest, entirely in his good feeling towards him, his solicitude for his welfare. For himself, he did hope he should not be back for it. Inconvenient questions might be asked, and he did not relish the idea of standing up and avowing that he had so far helped on Lady Oswald's death as to have joined in giving her the chloroform: he could not avow it without testifying to a deliberate falsehood: yet he must do it, or betray Mark Cray. But he had a matter of greater importance to think of than the inquest: a matter that was weighing down his heart with its dread. Of all the passengers that train contained, soon to be whirling on its way to Merton, not one had the sickening care to battle with, that was distracting the flourishing and envied physician.

The first to enter the breakfast-room that morning at his residence was his sister. The meal was always laid in the dining-room. Miss Davenal wore her usual morning costume, a gown of that once fashionable but nearly obsolete material, called nankin—or nankeen, as some spell it. It was not made up fashionably, but in the old scant style, and it made Miss Davenal's tall spare form look taller and sparer. Sara followed, in a flowing dress of delicate sprigged muslin, and she took her seat at once at the breakfast-table.

"Is your papa out of his room yet, do you know?"

"I have not seen him," replied Sara, a faint red tinging her pale face at the half-evasive answer. Very pale she looked: ominously pale. Had Miss Bettina been gifted with preternatural penetration, she might have detected that some great dread was upon her.

But Miss Bettina was on that morning especially self-occupied. On the previous Saturday Dr. Davenal had told her that certain country friends were coming into Hallingham on that day, Monday, and he should invite them to dinner; or else that he had invited them: in her deafness she did not catch which. She had replied by asking him what he would have for dinner, and he said they would settle all that on Monday morning. Monday morning was now come; and Miss Bettina, a punctilious housekeeper, accustomed to have everything in order and to treat visitors liberally, was on the fidget to make the arrangements, and waited impatiently for Dr. Davenal. Watton, a fidget also in the domestic department, liking at any rate to get her orders in time, had come in with Miss Davenal.

Miss Davenal rang the bell; an intimation to Neal that they were ready for the coffee. She turned to the table, and the first thing that struck her sharp eyes in its arrangements was, that only two breakfast cups were on it.

"What is Neal thinking of this morning," she exclaimed.

"I don't fancy my master is stirring yet," observed Watton. "I have not heard him."

"Nonsense!" returned her mistress. "When did you ever know your master not stirring at eight o'clock?"

"Not often, ma'am, it's true," was Watton's answer. "But it might happen. I know he was disturbed in the night."

Sara glanced up with a half-frightened glance. She dropped her head again, and began making scores on the cloth with her silver fork.

"It was the oddest thing," began Watton—and she was speaking the low clear tones which made every word distinct to Miss Davenal. "Last night I was undressing with the blind up without a candle, for the moon was light as day, when I saw a man turn in at the gate, and I said to myself, 'Here comes somebody bothering for master!' He made a spring to the side and crouched himself amid the laurels that skirt the rails by the lane, and stopped there looking at the house. 'Very strange!' I said to myself again; 'that's not the way sick folk's messengers come in.' After a minute he walked on, brushing close to the shrubs, afraid I suppose of being seen, and I heard him tap at the window of the doctor's consulting-room. Ma'am, if ever I thought of a robber in my life, I thought of one then, and if it hadn't been for my presence of mind I should have rose the house with my screams—"

"Be silent, Watton!" sharply interrupted Miss Davenal. "Look there! You are frightening her to death."

She had extended her finger, pointing at Sara. Sara, her face more like death than life, in its ghastly whiteness, was gazing at Watton, her eyes strained, her lips apart, as one under the influence of some great terror. Was she afraid of what might be coming? It looked so.

"There's nothing to be alarmed at, Miss Sara—"

"Don't tell it; don't tell it," gasped Sara, putting up her hands. "It does frighten me."

"But indeed there is nothing to be frightened at, as you'll hear, Miss Sara," persisted the woman. "It's a fact that I was a little frightened myself, one does hear of housebreakers getting into houses in so strange a manner, and I went out of my room and leaned over the banisters and listened. It was all right, for I heard the doctor open the hall door and take the man into his consulting-room, and shut himself in with him. How long the man stopped, and who he was, I can't tell; he did not go away while I was awake—but, ma'am, that's how I know my master was disturbed in the night."

"Watton?"—and as Sara spoke her cheeks became crimson, her voice imperative—"do you deem that it lies in your service here to watch the movements of your master, and comment upon them afterwards."

The moment the words had left her lips, she felt how unwise they were; but she had so spoken in her perplexity, her soreness of heart. Watton turned her eyes on her young mistress in sheer amazement.

"Watch my master's movements! Why, Miss Sara, you can't think I'd do such a thing. I watched to—if I may so express it—protect my master; to protect the house, lest harm should be meant it. Decent folk don't come in at night as that man came."

Neal had entered, and was disposing his eatables on the table. Miss Davenal drew his attention to the shortness of the cups.

"It is quite right, ma'am. The doctor went out in the middle of the night, at least about two in the morning, and he charged me to tell you he should not be at home all day; perhaps not all night. Nobody is to sit up for him."

"Where's he gone?" asked Miss Bettina.

Neal could not tell. His master had said he was going to a distance. But Miss Bettina could not make it out at all, and she asked question upon question. How had he gone? The carriage was not out. Walked away on foot, and said he was going to a distance and might not be home for a day and a night? It was the most mysterious, extraordinary proceeding she ever heard of.

"Did you see or hear anything of a strange man coming in in the night?" she asked of Neal.

"No, ma'am," replied Neal, with his usual impassibility. "I see my master's bed has not been slept in; and he has taken an over-coat with him."

Sara lifted her burning face. It was as one stricken with fever.

"Let it rest; let it rest, Aunt Bettina? Wait until papa is home, and ask particulars of *him*. If patients require him at a distance, it is his duty to go to them."

The last words were spoken defiantly; not at her aunt but at the servants. She felt on the very verge of desperation. What disastrous consequences might not this proclamation of the night's work bring forth!

"Let it rest!" retorted Miss Bettina. "Yes, that is what you young and careless ones would like to do. Look at my position! The responsible mistress of this house, and left at an uncertainty whether people are coming to dinner or whether they are not. Your papa must have gone clean out of his wits to go off and not leave word."

"You can fix upon a dinner as well as papa can, Aunt Bettina."

"Fix upon a dinner! It's not that. It is the not knowing whether there's to be a dinner fixed upon; whether people are invited, or not, to eat it."

When Miss Davenal was put out about domestic arrangements it took a great deal to put her in again. Neal and Watton were questioned and cross-questioned as to the events of the night, and breakfast was got over in a commotion. Sara shivered with a nameless fear, and wondered whether that dreadful secret might not become known.

A secret which bore for Sara Davenal all the more terror from the fact that she was but imperfectly acquainted with its nature. Dr. Davenal had seen fit for certain reasons to call her down to his room, and she had there seen the ominous visitor: but the particulars had been kept from her. That there existed a secret, and a terrible one, which might burst at any hour over their heads, bringing with it disgrace as well as misery, she had been obliged to learn; but its precise nature she was not told; was not allowed, it may be said, to guess at. Dr. Davenal so far spared her. He spared her from the best of motives, forgetting that suspense is, of all human pain, the worst to bear.

With the exception of what that little note told her, which she saw lying inside her door when she rose in the morning, she knew nothing of the motives of her father's journey; where he had gone, or why he had gone. She only knew it was imperative that that night's visit to the house should remain a secret, uncommented upon, unglanced at. And now the servants knew of it—had seen the stranger come in—might talk about it, in doors and out! No wonder that Sara Davenal shivered!—that she grew sick at heart! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ John P. Putnam, a grandson of Gen. Putnam, has presented for exhibition, at the Albany Army Relief Bazaar, the pistols in which was burnt the first powder of the Revolution. It will be remembered that Major Pitcairn rode toward the crowd drawn up in hostile array at Lexington, shouted "disperse, ye rebels," and fired his pistols into their midst. His horse was shot under him, but he managed to escape. The pistols were found in the saddle, became the property of Gen. Putnam, and were worn by him during the Revolution.

☞ SINGING MICE.—The soft twitter of the singing mouse has been found by anatomists to be the result of a disease of the lungs, which, impeding the proper passage of the air through the cells, causes at times the peculiar warbling sound alluded to.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

LADY ORATORS.

Lady Pigot made a speech on education at a public meeting in Cowlinge, England, a short time since. Her ladyship spoke at considerable length, with much zeal and energy, and was loudly applauded.

The ladies seem to be turning over a new leaf, and coming out as orators. In this country we have now two celebrated young lady orators—a Miss Evans and Miss Dickinson. The former we have not heard, though we believe she is a Welsh girl, and quite young—her specialty is Temperance. Miss Dickinson, however, is of Philadelphia birth.

We have always had considerable prejudice against lady orators—though we admit it is difficult to see why it is any more improper for ladies to speak than to sing in public, and they do the latter in the choirs of all our churches, to say nothing of our concerts and operas. But whatever the general opinion of men may be upon the subject, it is difficult not to make an exception in favor of any one to whom the Creator has given unusual abilities. And looking at Miss Dickinson simply as an orator—putting aside entirely her sentiments and opinions—we give it as our judgment that she is not surpassed by any speaker in the Union. We are in the habit of going to hear all those who have a reputation for oratory, without regard to our opinion of their opinions; and we have heard Gough, and Beecher, and Phillips, (who we think rather overrated as an *orator* by his reformatory friends,) and Curtis, and many popular political speakers; but while we admit that some of these manifest a sounder judgment and a wider mental and spiritual scope, we have yet to hear one who, in the peculiar powers of the orator, excels Miss Dickinson. In the ability to convey a whole volume of meaning by a single phrase, or even a mere word and glance—in the subtle magnetism of voice, and feature, and manner—in pathos—in sarcasm—and in power and that something we call "eloquence" of description—in our opinion she stands by the side of Mr. Gough, and in the very front rank of American orators.

But what do you mean by oratory, some one may be ready to ask. We mean that power which the personal presence and delivery of the speaker lend to the thing spoken. One of our contemporaries said the other day, that he would rather hear an old Joe Miller told by Gough, than an equally good original anecdote told by another man. That is oratory. Between one of Gough's speeches from the lips of Gough, and the same speech from the lips of any common man, is the difference between the sparkle of the ocean wave and a dull vial-full of salt water. Wendell Phillips's speeches, on the contrary, read in the newspaper better than they sound from his lips—his delivery being rather cold and hesitating. Reading them, you find that they are both clear and eloquent, which you doubted when you heard them. They are fine essays rather than speeches.

Miss Dickinson's discourses are well written; many passages, if we are not greatly mistaken, would lose very little in the reading; and yet, like Gough, she can infuse even into a common, threadbare thought and anecdote and sarcasm the fresh life and sparkle of the soul. It is the power of the orator that enables a speaker to do this—the magnetic charm of a spirit so fresh and glowing itself, that everything it touches must glow and sparkle beneath it, even as the sun lights up with its rays a piece of glass or a flake of common mica, until it blazes and scintillates like the diamond. The sunlight fades away, and you cry, see it is only glass, it is only mica, and you feel perhaps more or less deceived and disappointed; but the sunlight, though evanescent, was no cheat, no delusion, and in its celestial though fleeting ray was the brilliancy and the glory.

THE ROYAL BABY.

M. D. Conway, in a letter to the Boston Commonwealth, thus shows one of the many forms of court etiquette, which restrict the will and affections of English Princes:

"I learn that there was quite a rebellion at Windsor Castle. The Princess vehemently opposed having a wet-nurse, and the Prince took her side, and could not see why she should not be allowed to nurse the babe, as she strongly desired to do. But she was told that the court traditions could not be set aside; never was English Prince, or Princess yet nursed by its own mother. So the healthy and virtuous Mrs. O'Somebody was sent for, and the Princess had a long cry. This is a true story, and somewhat more valuable than ordinary court gossip."

We did not suppose that Queen Victoria, with her good sense and strong will, would allow such a foolish court tradition to remain in force during her reign. Certainly when a mother possesses a vigorous and healthy frame, it is better both for her and the child that she should nurse her infant. Where the mother's health or constitution is not strong, it is probably better for both—certainly for the child—that a healthy and vigorous wet-nurse should be procured, or the child be reared carefully by hand. A good calm and sedate cow is certainly a better mother to an infant—if the proper care and cleanliness are practised in having the milk always sweet and nice—than a fretful, nervous mother. The fretfulness and nervous irritability of some women, conjoined with their many cares, render them almost unfit to nurse their children.

"RATHER TOO MUCH OF THIS."

Henry Kingsley, the author of "Ravenshoe," in an article on Thackeray, says:—

And so the news (of his death) will travel southward. Some lean, lithe, deer-eyed quadroon lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate war-wasted space between the Federal lines and the smouldering watch-fires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will come up to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederate officers; (Oh! that such men should be wasted in such a quarrel, for the sin was not theirs after all;) and one of these men will run his eye over the telegrams, and will say to the others, "Poor Thackeray is dead." And the news will go from picket to picket, along the limestone ridges which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south, until Jefferson Davis—the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe—the man of the penetrating eyes and of the thin close set lips—the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders—will look up from his papers and say, with heartfelt sorrow, "The author of 'The Virginians' is dead."

There's pathos run mad for you. Probably not one rebel officer in a hundred ever heard of Thackeray—and as for Jeff. Davis, it is not likely he ever even read "The Virginians."

By-the-way, Jeff. is getting the "weight of an empire" off his shoulders very fast. His friends, the Union soldiery, are helping him constantly in that respect.

SINGULAR CHANGE OF NAME.—The following is related in the Memoirs of Edward Livingston as a fact. It is one of the most curious instances on record of the changes that family names undergo:—

An unfortunate Scotchman, whose name was *Feyerston*, was obliged, in pursuit of fortune, to settle among some Germans in the western part of New York. They made a much better *proschoits* than Theophilus did; they translated him directly into German, and called him *Feuerstein*. On his return to an English neighborhood, his new acquaintances discovered that *Feuerstein* in German meant *Flint* in English. They retranslated instead of restoring his name, and the descendants of *Feyerston* go by the name of *Flint* to this day. I ought, however, to except one of his grandsons, who settled at the Acadian Court in Mississippi, whose name underwent the fate of the rest of the family; he was called, by a literal translation into French, *Pierre a Fusil*. And his eldest son, returning to the family clan, underwent another *proshlusis*, and was called *Peter Gun*."

CAMDEN DIRECTORY.—A City Directory for Camden, our immediate New Jersey neighbors, has been published by F. A. Casseday, of that place. Camden is getting to be so extensive a city, that a Directory is one of its necessities; and its citizens should encourage Mr. Casseday in his undertaking.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ADDRESS OF EDWARD EVERETT AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, 19th of November, 1863, with the Dedicatory Speech of President Lincoln, and the other Exercises of the Occasion. Published for the Benefit of the Cemetery Monument Fund. We are pleased to see the eloquent Address of Mr. Everett, the excellent and appropriate Dedicatory Speech of the President, and the other Exercises of the Cemetery Dedication collected together in this well-printed pamphlet. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE ART OF DANCING. By THOMAS HILLGROVE. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

DIARY OF A DETECTIVE POLICE OFFICER. By "WATERS." Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Four more numbers—19, 20, 21 and 22—of this very instructive and interesting periodical are before us. It contains anecdotes, brief biographies, curiosities of literature, and oddities of human life and character. For the family circle especially, this is an excellent serial. Price 20 cents a number. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for March, contains its usual number of interesting articles. "The House and Home Papers," by Mrs. Stowe, are especially excellent, and will, we think, do great good in matters that come home to every man's "business and bosom." Whittier has a poem called "The Brother of Mercy," which we like better than certain others of his religious poems, which latter perhaps we are not quite humble and devout enough to sympathize with. Bayard Taylor has an article on Thackeray, with some interesting personal reminiscences of the illustrious novelist.

THE LIFE, CAMPAIGNS AND SERVICES OF GENERAL MCCLELLAN. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

DRAMAS AND POEMS. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. This volume contains those widely known and popular dramas, "The Lady of Lyons," and "Richelieu," with "Eva," "The Fairy Bride," "The Beacon," the play of "Money," &c. Published in blue and gold, by Roberts Brothers, New York; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MEET FOR HEAVEN. A State of Grace Upon Earth the only Preparation for a State of Glory in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven our Home." Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SPECIMEN PAGES OF THE AMERICAN CONFLICT. By HORACE GREELEY. Horace Greeley is engaged in writing a History of the present Great Rebellion, and the pamphlet before us contains specimen pages of the work. We are pleased to hear that Mr. Greeley is writing this history, for his acquaintance with the facts has been so close and constant, that a work from his point of view will be of the greatest interest in the future, and will be of exceeding value to him who in the calm and peaceful years to come, shall sit down to write *the* history of the Great Rebellion. Mr. Greeley's work will aim to show the drift and progress of public opinion on the Slavery question, and will be illustrated by portraits on steel of generals and statesmen, and by views of battle fields, &c. Published by O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, Conn.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF COMMERCIAL AND BUSINESS ANECDOTES. Appleton & Co., of N. Y., announce a work under this head, "intended to be a collection, original and selected, of the choicest, most striking, and *recherché* anecdotes of Merchants, Traders, Bankers, Mercantile celebrities, Millionaires, Bargain Makers, &c., and comprising interesting reminiscences and facts, remarkable traits and humors, with notable sayings, dealings, experiences, and witticisms."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for March contains "Scenes in the War of 1812," "The Norwich Armories," "The Small House at Allington," "Ralph Farnham's Romance," &c. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE PARLOR MAGAZINE, or 100 Tricks for the Drawing-Room. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, N. Y.; and for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

POEMS BY CHARLES SWAIN. This is an edition in blue and gold of the poems of a very sweet and cheerful writer. "Dryburgh Abbey," one of the most felicitous, and which has been greatly admired both in England and America, is found among the present collection. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and for sale by G. W. Pitcher, 808 Chestnut street, Philada.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES, Songs, Services and Speeches of Private Miles O'Reilly, (47th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers.) "The Post of Honor is the Private's Station." Published by Carleton, New York. We are rather disappointed in "Private O'Reilly's" book—the prose letters and speeches, and even the songs, not seeming to us to come up to the level of the poems which we have seen floating through the papers. "Private Miles O'Reilly," we are sorry to hear, is the *nom de plume* of a New York author; for what read so amusingly as the production of a private soldier—some rollicking Irishman in the ranks—has the life quite taken out of it when we find it is only a mask. For sale by Ashmead & Evans, 724 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

☞ MARRYING AND SETTLING SOLDIERS.—A recent private letter from a member of the New York 1st Cavalry, dated at Charleston, Va., expresses great satisfaction at the position of the regiment in the Shenandoah Valley, from which the writer hopes it will not be removed. He says, "Our men are so much at home, that many of them will settle in the valley after the war is over. Some thirty of them have married here, and from the courting going on among the country girls, many more will probably follow their example."

☞ It is not generally known that the salary of the Governor-General of India, which is the highest in the gift of the English crown, is thirty thousand pounds sterling a year, exclusive of allowances, which may be estimated at ten thousand pounds, making in all say $200,000.

FORCED ENJOYMENT.

The idea of such a thing as *forced* enjoyment! Why, the very expression is paradoxical; it is of the very essence of enjoyment that you should be in the mood, that heart and soul should make common cause with the body, and the three should conspire together to do nothing but rejoice. And yet how seldom is this the case with the majority of persons! How can you make up your mind that such will be the case with you to-morrow fortnight at seven o'clock P. M., or at half past eight, or at nine, or at ten, according to the nature of the enjoyment at which the pleasure of your company is requested by your friends or enemies? Falstaff refused to give a reason on compulsion; would he have declined to enjoy himself on compulsion? Yet those are the terms upon which most of us are expected to enjoy ourselves. We are invited to partake of enjoyment upon a set day at a set hour, when, if we had our own way, we should most likely "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories;" when we would much rather attend a funeral or an execution; when, in fact, there has fallen upon us "a great melancholy." Shake it off, says Jolly. Shake your skin off, say I; shake a bulldog off the calf of your leg; shake typhus-fever off, it's quite as easy for some constitutions. Poor Isabella (as a fond but stern parent called her) was, I fancy, cursed with such a constitution. It was certainly laughable, but, at the same time, painful, to see the efforts she made to enjoy herself as a duty. It was at the Crystal Palace, upon a certain day, that I saw Isabella taking her enjoyment upon compulsion. My attention was attracted by a small party of four, consisting, as I conjectured from certain signs and tokens, of a spectacled, prim, and awful mother, with two little daughters and a little son. The mother was, in her appearance, highly respectable, but her education, to judge from her language, had been slightly neglected. The little boy and the younger girl were in a state of high glee and exploded with merriment, but the elder girl, about ten years of age, preserved a thoughtful, sad, distrait expression. This was Isabella. The mother was evidently only on duty; she had given up frivolous pleasures long ago, but she considered that it was the province of children to get exhilarated to order, and to enjoy the amusements which she paid for; and she resented Isabella's conduct accordingly. Isabella's woe-begone face, whilst the shadow pantomime was being performed, attracted me, and I took up a position near the group to watch her. For, to tell the truth, I sympathised with her greatly, and found the entertainment particularly dreary. So Isabella sat silent and grave, whilst her little sister and little brother clapped their hands and roared amain. A grim smile illumined the mother's face as she leaned over the little shouters and said "that's right, my dears, it's a pleasure to bring *you* out; one feels one ain't paid money for nothink;" but she regarded Isabella with an angry scowl. Presently Spectacles whispered slowly and distinctly: "Isabella," she said in a warning tone, "you ain't enj'yin' yourself." Poor Isabella gave a slight start and tried for a time to appear amused; but she soon relapsed into the old stupor. Again Spectacles whispered, this time threateningly: "Is-a-bella," she said, with an emphasis on the first syllable, "I paid for you to enj'y yourself." Isabella made another effort, and another failure, whereupon Spectacles whispered again, and these appalling monosyllables reached my ear, "When we get 'ome, I whip you, miss." Isabella now made frantic attempts to appear entertained; she clapped her hands and laughed hysterically, but Spectacles was not to be imposed upon. "Now," she whispered whith concentrated passion, inventing a verb in the extremity of her wrath, "You're 'ypercritin', and what I 'ate wust is an 'ypercrite;" at which Isabella, seeing fate was against her, resigned herself to abject misery, and I should think felt no peace of mind until she had reached home, had been well whipped, had been put to bed, and was sobbing her griefs away under the clothes. Poor Isabella! I often think of her when my friends, or enemies, invite me out, and expect me to enjoy myself against the grain.

What *I* call enjoyment is sudden; you act upon the spur of the moment. Say the weather is bright and frosty, or bright and warm, and your spirits in accord with the brightness of the weather; then alone, or with friends picked up, you can skate, or walk, or drive, or ride, or row, or sail, or even lie at ease upon the green sward, and enjoy yourself the live-long day. But to make up your mind to enjoy yourself upon a particular day at a particular hour, seems to me absurd and almost impossible. Yet you must do so if you give in to the prevailing ideas of enjoyment; for enjoyment, according to general notions, appears to consist principally in dinner-parties, tea-parties, and balls; all of which are to me equally objectionable. It is bore enough to be obliged to eat and drink at all; but to be obliged to eat and drink at a particular hour, in a suit of mourning, without elbow-room, in momentary dread of being completely covered by the sea of millinery on each side of you, what is pretty certain to disagree with you—this is to be considered enjoyment! For my part, if I try to appear to enjoy myself, I feel that I am, to adopt the language of Spectacles, "'ypercritin'," and all the other people who seem to enjoy themselves *I* fancy are "'ypercritin'" too.

As for tea-parties, I have never been upon the treadmill, but I think I should prefer it to a tea-party; and as far balls—well, there is certainly not much enjoyment in them for gray hairs, corns, gout, and rheumatism. These are social enjoyments, and so far as my experience goes, they are all forced. It is probable that I have been unfortunate, but I vow that, to the best of my recollection, I never stayed in any family where an invitation to a party—that is, to an enjoyment—was not received at first as if it were of the nature of that invitation which the polite farm-wife addressed to the duck. The countenance of Materfamilias fell as she read it, and the chins of Paterfamilias and his offspring dropped as they listened. You would have thought she had been reading an account of the death of a rich relation who had left all his money to a hospital. It is true they recovered themselves after a time; those who were asked grew resigned gradually, accepted the invitation graciously, and when the fatal moment came, had worked themselves into an appearance of enjoying themselves. But they were "'ypercritin'." Why enjoyments of this kind, which partake so much of the character of nuisances, should not be abandoned altogether, I can't imagine. Why should not people let it be known to their friends that they are always at home on a certain day or evening in the week? and then friends might call in if they felt in the humor, and stay away if they didn't.

As for dinners, those most odious of all odious enjoyments, they might be given up entirely. There would be fewer headaches, fewer "jolly noses," and less indigestion. Surely the enjoyment which you are offered at private parties, and which you have to make up your mind a week or a fortnight before hand to take at a certain time, whether you are in the mood or not, you can obtain better in public. You can (unless you are Dives, in which case you may do everything with ease except one, which is more difficult than the passage of a camel through a needle's eye) get better cookery, better music, better singing, better everything, in public than in private. There is some little difficulty in the matter of dancing, perhaps; but a good deal even of that can be obtained without any impropriety in public, and you may, at the same time, benefit the cause of charity. And what can be nicer than to be charitable without denying yourself? That may be said to be true enjoyment. It's not the Charity which consorts with Faith and Hope, but it's the charity which goes down beautifully with the world. But to return to enjoyment.

Some people go so far as to think (or pretend to think) wedding-breakfasts an enjoyment. It may be to the thoughtless, but to the thoughtful it is agony. Thoughtful sees in the bride and bridegroom two more victims immolated upon the altar of Hymen, and in the gaily-dressed, laughing, joking company aiders and abettors in the sad affair; whilst bride and bridegroom, and company all seem drowning remorse for what they have done in repeated bumpers of bad champagne. Thoughtful, too, with prophetic eye, sees the probable consequences of the rash act with thrush, and measles, and scarlet fever, and whooping-cough, and all kinds of complaints; and a tear of pity dims Thoughtful's eye. Thoughtful sighs, moreover, when a wicked-looking old gentleman, with a bald head and a twinkling eye, gets up and proposes the bride's health in a speech full of point, if not of humor. Thoughtful thinks that the wicked-looking old gentleman ought to be thoroughly ashamed of himself, and instead of congratulating the married pair, complimenting the company upon the general hilarity, and recommending everybody to "go and do likewise," should have addressed the meeting after this fashion: "I once was who now am old, yet never did I know happiness to attend a marriage which was celebrated with much merriment; levity ill becomes so solemn an occasion; I propose the bride's health with sincere pleasure, and I hope she will never have cause to repent the step she has taken; but——I will not anticipate evils, or dilate upon the cares of married life; I only hope that those among you who are single will profit by the scene of which you were spectators" (alluding, of course, to the tears of the bride, the paleness of the bridegroom, and the consciousness both exhibited of being unable to help themselves.)

R. B.

☞ Rev. G. D——, of Fayette county, Arkansas, one of the genuine "forest-born" orators, preaching not long since, on "the glory of the saints," delivered the following burst of "native" eloquence, which is too good to be lost: "Who, my brethren, can describe the glory of a saint? Why, nothing on earth can liken it. If you drill a hole through the sun and put it on your head for a crown, and split the moon in sunder and put the pieces on your shoulders for epaulettes—if you tear down the starry curtain of the skies and wrap it around your body for a robe, and ride to heaven on the lightning wings of the tempest—this will be as nothing to the glory of the saints!"

AN ETHIOPIAN COURT.

The court of Louis XIV. was not more exactly ceremonious; the deeds of Nero not more wanton nor more cruel. At times he would be haughty and distant, stand on his dignity, and keep Captain Speke waiting for hours in his ante-room; then, like the farce after a tragedy, would occur a comic scene like the following. Captain Speke had been asked to shoot for the king's gratification. He had brought down a vulture on the wing, which fell, some distance off, in a garden enclosure.

The Waganda were for a minute all spell-bound with astonishment, when the king jumped frantically in the air, clapping his hands above his head, and singing out—"Woh, woh, woh! what wonders! O, Bana, Bana!" (the term the applied to Captain Speke.) "what miracles he performs!" and all followed in chorus. "Now load, Bana—load, and let us see you do it," cried the excited king; but before I was half loaded he said, "Come along, come along, and let us see the bird. Then directing the officers which way to go—for, by the etiquette of the court of Uganda every one must precede the king—he sent them through a court where his wives, afraid of the gun, had been concealed. Here the rush onward was stopped by newly-made fences, but the king roared to his officers to knock them down. This was no sooner said than done, by the attendants, in a body, shoving on and trampling them under, as an elephant would crush small trees to keep his course. So pushing, floundering through plantain and shrub, pell-mell one upon the other, that the king's pace might not be checked, or any one come in for a royal kick or blow, they came upon the prostrate bird. "Woh, woh, woh!" cried the king again; "there he is, sure enough. Come here, women—come, and look what wonders!" And all the women, in the highest state of excitement, "woh-wohed" as loud as any of the men.—Page 336.

But there is a reverse to the medal. Majesty in Uganda does not always practice on vultures. He had one day been delighted at seeing Captain Speke shoot, with a revolver, a cow that was wanted for provision. Then—.

He loaded one of the carbines I had given him with his own hands, and giving it full-cock to a page, told him to go out and shoot a man in the outer court; which was no sooner accomplished than the little urchin returned to announce his success, with a look of glee such as one would see in the face of a boy who had robbed a bird's-nest, caught a trout, or done any other boyish trick. The king said to him, "And did you do it well?" "Oh, yes—capitally." He spoke the truth, no doubt, for he dared not have trifled with the king; but the affair created hardly any interest. I never heard, and there appeared no curiosity to know, what individual human being the urchin had deprived of life.—Page 398.

ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

These institutions are sending out yearly into the world numbers of fine, well-trained, sensible young women, many of whom are sadly friendless, and have to face life as a scene of deep and bitter struggles. The very blessings and the kindness of the Asylums make them feel more keenly the friendlessness of their after-life. Suppose that some institution were formed which took such of these orphans as were willing to emigrate when they were compelled to leave the "old home," which they are generally forced to do at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and gave them, in addition to their former excellent education, a sound and thorough domestic training, and then sent them abroad, keeping up an *esprit de corps* among them, and trying to preserve communications with them when in foreign lands: and we should bring down a blessing on us from the colonies to which we had done so great a kindness. I would have these girls trained to bake, to milk, to cook, to brew, to wash, to iron, and yet keep them up to the mark as to their old studies; make them, in fact, in domestic matters, old-fashioned English housewives, such as may still be occasionally found among us, and yet make them partakers of the social and intellectual progress of the day. Fancy the joy of a squatter in Australia or New Zealand, if he could get such a girl to aid his wife; and fancy the joy of a young squatter, if, after some years' experience abroad, he got such a woman as a true helpmate! My idea may seem visionary; but were I rich, I would begin to try the experiment to-morrow; and perhaps some experienced philanthropist may yet reduce this crude idea to a practical form.—*English Writer.*

☞ The state of Wisconsin exemplifies the wonderful and unprecedented character of the country in regard to the resources of its growth and strength. The Legislature of that state has ordered the governor's message to be printed in eight different languages: English, German, Norwegian, Irish, Welsh, Holland, French and Bohemian. The old, vigorous, Teutonic stock is largely represented there, and is contributing largely to the prosperity of the state.

☞ Few secrets would ever escape if the following rule were complied with: Never confide in the young; new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

☞ It is stated—and apparently on very good authority—that a range of six hundred yards has been obtained with an arrow, and that to hit, five times out of six, a mark six inches in diameter, and distant one hundred yards, was not an unusual performance in old times for a first-class archer.

THE CONVALESCENT.

Madame La France is tossing
Uneasy, in her sleep;
The opiates she's been dosed with
No more bring slumbers deep.
"*La Gloire's*" morphine, for which she used
To crave, is waved away;
She kicks against the chloroform
Of "*L'Empire c'est la Paix;*
And even rejects the opium pill
Of "*La Prosperité!*"

The "little games," that used to cheat
Her sick hours, lose their charm;
"Saving Society" won't chouse,
Nor "*Spectre Rouge*" alarm.
She looks at her strait-waistcoat;
Feels where she has been bled;
Puts her hand with a dreamy look,
Up to her shaven head—
Feeling for Freedom's aureole,
Finds *le tricorne* instead:

Has doubts whether these *douches*
Of debt and tax and loan,
Prescribed by her kind doctor,
Were not best let alone;
Feels that her pulse beats steady;
Finds her limbs want free play;
Is hungry, but would like her food
Dressed in another way:
"Not *a l'Imperiale*," she cries,
But "*a la Liberte.*"—*London Punch.*

GREAT EATERS.

Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten they enter torments, so distressing in their nature, as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines to eat moderately, when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant remembers. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health; when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increases, until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history. Particular inquiry will almost unvaryingly elicit the fact, that a fat person, however rubicund and jolly, is never well; and yet they are envied.

While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never, for a single day, without some "symptoms," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly, small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually have no "spare flesh," are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his one hundred and fortieth year. Kentigern, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached a hundred and eighty-five years. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was one hundred and sixty-nine years old when he died. Old Parr lived to a hundred and fifty-three; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer and coarse bread. The favorite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to one hundred and forty, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Mass., who died aged one hundred and seventeen, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son Michael by similar means, lived to be a hundred and three years old. Father Cull, a Methodist clergyman, died last year at the age of a hundred and five, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal. From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn, is from the only fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labor tend to a great age. As to the healthfulness and life protecting qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labor, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing *any one thing* which an old man did, and omit all others, but by doing *all* he did; that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

☞ During the recent performance of Romeo and Juliet, at Marblehead Mass., the fair Juliet's question in the soliloquy before taking the sleeping draught—"What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an urchin in the pit—"Then take a dose of pills." The effect upon the audience can better be imagined than described.

A BRIDAL IN PARIS.

A very brilliant marriage ceremony was performed on Sunday evening last in the new Greek Chapel, lately opened near the Boulevard Beaujon, and which probably most of your readers who have visited the French metropolis have had the curiosity to inspect. The bride and bridegroom were both Russian subjects, and members of the aristocracy of their country, and the Count de Budberg, Ambassador of Russia at Paris, and his wife, were both present on the occasion, together with many members of the diplomatic circles. This Greek church, which is situated in a very elevated quarter of Paris, whence its glittering and Oriental-looking cupolas can be seen from a great distance, is in the inside richly ornamented with paintings and gildings. Though small in its proportions, it is a very good specimen of the Byzantine style of ornamentation. Its form is that of the Greek cross, the light being wholly admitted by means of a dome or cupola, which rises up lightly into the air, and of which the interior is adorned with fresco paintings, representing our Lord and the four Evangelists, on a gold ground, together with symbols and other allegorical representations of the Christian faith. There are no seats, no chairs, in this religious place of worship, which is entirely carpeted over with a modern high pile carpet of rich colors. At the further end of the church is a golden screen, with three pointed openings, serving as doorways, which are habitually closed, and conceal the sanctuary, or holy of holies, within which stands the altar, the screen never being removed save during the performance of religious ceremonies.

On the occasion in question, the guests invited had all taken their positions in a semi-circle round the church before the arrival of the bride, leaving a space in the middle, where a *prie-Dieu*, covered with a cloth of white moire and gold, had been placed. There, on arriving, the bride and bridegroom took their places, the doors of the golden screen at the same time opened, allowing the high priest and two other priests to pass, who came up to the *prie-Dieu*, and the ceremony commenced. This consists first in spreading a *pallium* in front of the to-be-wedded pair, then in an interchange of nuptial rings between the bride and bridegroom, after which the arch, or high priest, offers them two crowns of flowers, which are given into the hands of the two bridesmen, and by them held over the heads of the pair till the termination of the wedding ceremony. All this time certain psalms and hymns are chanted by the priests, and responded to by a chorus of voices, the singers being placed so as to be invisible to the assembly. The closing part of the ceremony consists in the bride and bridegroom walking hand-in-hand three times round the *prie-Dieu* and *pallium*, which seems to constitute the most important part of the religious rite, the bridesmen following with the crowns of flowers held over their respective heads. After the third turn a fourth priest advanced, and, in a deep bass voice, chanted something like prayers for the wedded couple, who then walked separately towards the pictures of the Virgin and of Christ, placed in the nave, and kneeling down before them, performed acts of private devotion. The ceremony was then over, and the party separated at the church door, to reassemble at the house of the father of the young bride. All the ladies present were dressed in full ball-dress toilettes, the gentlemen in evening costume, and the church so filled, with its gold screen and gay-colored paintings, its arches and small gilt Byzantine columns, and the thousands of lamps and wax-lights which threw a more than noonday splendor over the whole, presented a most gay and singular scene. The bride was very young and pretty, the bridegroom, a Count Megendorff, a fine military-looking man, and it so happened that among the guests assembled to witness the ceremony, there was a more than ordinary amount of female beauty. The psalms and hymns used during the religious rites were all chanted, the music very much resembling the plain chant, or Gregorian chants used in some of the Roman Catholic churches. It is to be remarked that in the Greek services the officiating priests are chosen for the excellence of their bass voices. I have seldom heard a bass voice of so deep and rare a *timbre* as that of one of the priests who occasionally officiates in the pretty Greek church of the Quartier Beaujon, and who appears to go down something like an octave below Staudigl, or any of the bass singers of past and modern days.

☞ Cricket.—In addition to a quick eye, calculation, agility, and courage, this game requires great self-control. It exercises the character and strength of mind, those truly British virtues; for the first quality of a good player is not to let himself be disturbed either by difficulties or success. —*M. Esquiros on English Customs.*

☞ "Annetie, my dear, what country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don's know, sir." "Well," said the perplexed teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir."

LATEST NEWS.

THE FLORIDA DISASTER

An officer who arrived in the Fulton gives the following particulars of the disaster to our forces near Elk City:

Gen. Seymour, who commanded the expedition, had been placed under arrest, by order of Gen. Gillmore. His successor is Gen. Vodges, who left Hilton Head on Tuesday last, with reinforcements for Jacksonville, consisting of an entire division. It is said our total losses, in killed, wounded and missing, are between 1 200 and 1,500.

General Seymour is severely censured in not throwing out scouts and skirmishers as our troops advanced. As it was, our troops were led into a trap. Hamilton's artillery led the van, and suffered severely. The rebel sharpshooters picked off their horses, and the guns had to be abandoned. The 40th Massachusetts (mounted infantry) have also suffered severely. In the retreat many of our wounded were left behind, within the enemy's lines. Our troops were right in front of the Confederate batteries, in a piece of woods, before we were aware of their presence—and when their batteries opened a galling fire our men were driven back, panic-stricken and in disorder.

A Knoxville despatch says that Longstreet is still retreating. Schofield is pursuing, but no engagement is expected before reaching the Virginia line. Longstreet states that he is taking his original army to Virginia.

From General Smith's cavalry expedition we have intelligence that the rebels had concentrated a large force against Sherman, and succeeded in forcing him back, with considerable loss.

The report that Gen. Sherman had occupied Selma, Alabama, is again confirmed.

By the Asia, at New York, we have news from Europe to the 14th inst. The rumor that England had proposed an armistic, on the basis of the evacuation of Schleswig by the Danes, is confirmed. From the seat of war some skirmishing is reported. The Germans were receiving large reinforcements and were making preparations against Alsen. The Prussians occupied Altona, notwithstanding the Federal protests. The Danes were capturing Prussian vessels. Prussia, it is stated, has refused the armistice proposed by Great Britain.

The Telegraph in London.—The following is said to be an absolute fact:—

"An old lady in London had given permission for some wires to be placed on her house, where they were supported by a pole. After these had been in position some few weeks, the old lady waited upon the principal telegraph authority, and stated that she had a complaint to make. 'The fact is, sir,' she said, 'them telegraph messages won't allow me to get any sleep of a night; I lays awake, atossing about, and can't get a wink for the noise. At first, sir, I didn't mind it as much, and things were not as bad as they are now; but lately, sir, there have been a deal more messages. I don't think either, sir, that you are aware of all that's said along them wires; there's a much that hadn't ought to be; for I can assure you, sir, that very much that's said there—and I have to lay and listen to—no respectable woman ought to hear. So I've come at last to complain to you, sir, hoping that it may be stopped.'

"The gentleman to whom this singular complaint was made was, of course, aware that the noise complained of was the wind in the wires; the messages of a doubtful character were the emanations of a fruitful imagination on the part of the old lady. He, however, pacified her by stating that, in future, young women of great respectability were to be substituted at the offices for the young men who formerly worked the lines."

☞ An American Belle.—A recent ball at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, was most brilliantly attended, including some four thousand persons of Baron and Madame Haussman's "intimates." One of the *belles* of the evening was a very young bride, a lovely American girl, married last spring to a young Count Hatzfeld, the son of the Prussian Minister of that name, formerly in Paris. Blazing in gems and diamonds, the youthful form and features of the lovely sister-in-law of the pretty Mrs. Moulton, attracted all eyes, and actually caused a circle to surround her wherever she moved. Several remarkably lovely girls and women were present at this ball, but all seemed, for the time, cast into the shade by the brilliant and youthful apparition of this new star.—*Paris Letter.*

☞ Great News for Topers.—Whiskey and brandy can now be made out of coal gas, which consists of carbon and hydrogen, as does alcohol, with the addition of oxygen. For several years past the process of converting olefiant gas into spirit has been talked of, but now a French patent has been obtained for the purpose and sold to a company in London. You take away one-half the hydrogen, add a little oxygen, and *presto!* you have a bottle of brandy.

☞ The cattle of Florida are exceedingly small and poor. It is estimated that there are two millions in the state, their average weight being less than four hundred pounds.

☞ The new chaplain of the House of Representatives at Washington, in his prayer a few mornings since, gave the Lord a full and very artistic description of the statue of the goddess of liberty upon the dome of the capitol! He had previously described the most noted cathedrals of the old world and other works of art.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ It is a pious and valuable maxim which says: "A judicious silence is always better than truth spoken without charity."

CAVALRY SONG.

BY GEO. H. BOKER.

Draw your girths tight, boys:
This morning we ride,
With God and the right, boys,
To sanction our side,
Where the balls patter,
Where the shot shatter,
Where the shells scatter
Red death far and wide.

Pause not to think, boys,
Of maidens in tears:
Only this drink, boys,
Let's toss to our dears:
Then O for the battle,
The mad charging battle,
The cannon's fierce rattle,
The victors' wild cheers!

Look to your arms, boys,
Your friends tried and true:
How the blood warms, boys!
The foe is in view!
Forward! break cover!
Ride through them! ride over
Them! baptize the clover
With blood as with dew.

—*United States Service Magazine.*

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

CHAPTER III.

THE DREAM BY THE BROOK.

Although my story must needs be sombre wherever it has to do with that person whose name it bears, yet I hope there will be found some sunny spots in it. During the first few months after my arrival at Fairburn, there was nothing to sadden life there that I knew of. I passed my days under green leaves; and not only in a metaphorical sense, for every fine afternoon, immediately after study was over, I betook myself to the Park. The whole place was watched as zealously, even in summer, as the gardens of the Hesperides, but Mr. Long had obtained permission for me to roam at large therein. To me, vexed from childhood by Indian suns, Fairburn Chase—as that part of the demesne most remote from the Hall was called—was far more delightful than it could have been to any mere English boy. Its stately avenues of oaks, tapering into infinite distance, with their checker-work of beam and shade, was the realization of my dreams of forest beauty; nor was its delicious coolness marred by the broad strips of sunlight, at long but equal distances, like the golden stairs of the Angel's Ladder, for those, I knew, marked the interlacing of "the Rides," themselves as fair, and leading, not as the avenue did, to the outer world, but into secret bowers known only to the deer and me.

When Marmaduke was not with me—which often enough happened, poor fellow, and particularly after that unfortunate meeting with his uncle in the churchyard—the whole Chase seemed abandoned to myself. I dare say it was not really so, and that if I had not been a privileged person, I should soon have found out my mistake; but for days and days I never saw any human being there. Now and then, the figure of a gamekeeper, dwarfed by distance, would make its appearance for a moment, to be lost the next in some leafy glade; but the sense of solitude was thereby rather increased than otherwise, just as the poet tells us in a case where the ear and not the eye was concerned, "the busy woodpecker *made stiller* by his sound the inviolable quietness." Lying, couched in fern, in that lordly pleasure-place, I have myself entertained some poetic thoughts, although they never found expression; even now, as I shut my eyes, I make an inward picture of some such resting-place; nothing to be seen but the long green feathery stems, which the summer air just stirs about my brow, and the broad branches of the oak that stretch themselves motionless between me and the sun; nothing to be heard but the coo of the ring-dove, and the swift stealthy bite of the dappled deer. Nor did Fairburn Chase lack water to complete its beauty. In front of the Hall itself moved a broad, slow stream, which presently slid, rather than fell, down lodges of mossy stone into a wilderness of trees and shrubs, through which it wandered on like one who has lost his way, but singing blithely nevertheless. Another stream, which was my favorite, burst, spring like, from the very heart of the Chase—having been artificially conveyed beneath the avenue—and ran, quite a little river, and at a great rate, to form the island where the herons lived; after which, as though it had done its work, it went its way tranquilly enough. If it had nothing to boast of but the Heronry, it might have been a proud little brook, for never did colony of those solemn birds take their sad pleasure in a more lovely spot; but, besides, it had a certain bend in it—essential to the beauty of a brook, as straightness is to that of a tree—which I have never seen rivalled elsewhere. Its right bank rose there, though not abruptly, and left half its bed of brown sand and loose tinkling shingle bare to the sunlight, save so much of it as the shade of a cluster of lime trees could cover; here the bee and the bird brought their songs, and the dragon-flies the glory of their turquoise armor and glittering wings throughout the summer noons. The cool fragrant smell of the limes, and the drowsy music of the insects that haunted them, were inexpressibly pleasant to me, who, I am afraid, had not a little of the Asiatic indolence in my nature. Sometimes a group of swans sailed by on the unruffled stream, themselves a slumbrous pageant fit enough to herald sleep; but, at all events, swans or no swans, I often did sleep there. One July afternoon, in particular, when the heat was almost as intense as at Calcutta, and no punkahs to cool one, I went to this place with malice prepense, to lie there and do nothing, which, from my youth up, has always been synonymous with a *siesta*. I cannot do absolutely nothing and yet keep awake. I very much admire the people whom I often meet in railway carriages, who endure, without books or newspapers, hundreds of miles of weary travel, and who do it with their eyes open. I wonder they do not break out into a melody, or at least a whistle; they cannot possibly be thinking all that time, and, indeed, they have no appearance of employing themselves in that way, but "stare right on with calm eternal eyes," with no more speculation in them than those of the Sphinx herself. I envy, but I cannot imitate those happy persons; there is no such state of coma with me; I either wake or sleep.

I lay, then, beneath the limes by the brook in Fairburn Chase, half-buried in the soft brown sand; and even while I looked upon the glancing stream, with the grand old willow opposite, that bent its hoary honors halfway o'er, the scene dissolved and changed; the brook became a river, and the willow a palm-tree, and the Chase a sandy tract, and the fir-clump on the distant hill the snow-capped Himalaya. I saw, too—and, alas! I was never more to see them, except, as then, in dreams—my father and my mother! but they passed by me with pitiful, loving looks, and went their way. Then the ayah, the black nurse who was watching over me—for I was once more a child—stole down to the river-brink, and drew a fluted dagger from her bosom, and dipped it in the sacred flood, and I felt that I was to die. I knew her well; we two had loved one another as nurse and child do love, where the nurse perforce takes half the mother's part; as the child grows up, his affection, at the best, congeals to gratitude; but not so with the breast that suckled him—God forgive us men; and the pain of my dream was sharpest because it was my own dear ayah who was about to slay me. I had offended Vishnu, or else she would not have done it; her gods demanded my life of her; but she was sorry; I felt her cold lips upon my brow, and then a large round tear fell upon my cheek like icy hail, and I awoke. There was a tumult of sounds in the air; the birds, and the bees, and bubbling wave, silent while I had slept, seemed to have burst out together in chorus at my waking. I was bewildered, and knew not where I was. My dream was more distinct at first than the realities about me. If I had but closed my eyes again, I knew that it would be continued at the spot where it had left off, that the fluted dagger would have drunk my life-blood; and therefore I made an effort to rouse myself. Wondrous are dreams, and wondrous the border-land 'twixt life and sleep! If my existence had depended upon it, I could not for some seconds have told for certain whether I was in England or in India. Then reason began to reassume her sway, and the vague mysterious powers, of whom we shall one day, perhaps, have a more certain knowledge, withdrew reluctant from their usurped dominion over me. I remembered, however, most distinctly every incident that they had brought about, and I placed my hand mechanically upon my left cheek—I had been lying upon my right—upon which the tear had seemed to fall. Great Heaven, *it was still wet!* I was really startled. The cloudless sky forbade the idea of a drop of rain having fallen; I had shed no tear myself while dreaming, for my eyes were dry, and even if I had, it could scarcely have dropped as it did, making a cool round spot in the centre of the cheek—it would have slid down, and left a little frigid line; there were no stones for the stream to splash against and thus besprinkle me.

It was very odd. Still, I did not imagine for a moment that my poor black nurse had really come across the seas to drop the tributary tear upon her sleeping boy; moreover, she could scarcely have got away so suddenly without leaving some trace of her departure; some— My heart all of a sudden ceased to beat; a shiver ran through me, as runs from stem to stern through a doomed ship that comes end on at speed upon a sunken rock; my eyes had fallen—while I thus reasoned with myself—upon a sight to terrify an older man than I, after such a dream; *the print of a woman's bare feet in the sand.* Had there been any footprints—those of a keeper or watcher, for instance—I should have been startled to know that some one had passed by while I slumbered, for most certainly the sand had been untrodden up to the moment I had lost consciousness; but that a woman with naked feet had been really present while I dreamed that horrible dream, was something more than startling. In Scotland, such a circumstance would have been less remarkable, but in Fairburn I had not yet seen any person without shoes. There were a considerable number of footprints, but only of one individual; she had stood beside me for some time, for they were deeper close to the place where I had lain, and there was also one impression there which looked as though the mysterious visitor had knelt. They had come and returned the same way, which was not the one that I had come myself, and they began and ended at the stream-side a few yards beyond, and out of sight of the bend which was my favorite haunt. The woman had doubtless crossed and recrossed by means of some natural stepping-stones that showed their heads above water; there was no path on the other side, but only a tangled thicket, through which it would have been impossible to track her, even had I been so disposed, which I was not. To say truth, I was terribly discomposed. For a minute or two, I clung to the notion, that the footprints were my own, made perhaps under the influence of somnambulism; I took off my shoes, and measured the tracks with my own feet, but I found, boy as I was, that mine effaced them. They were certainly the marks of a woman, smaller than those of a grown male, yet firmer set than those of a child. Never since the days of Robinson Crusoe was ever man so panic-struck by footprints in the sand as I. Although it was broad daylight, and the air was alive with sounds, I fairly trembled. The many evil stories which, during my short stay at Fairburn, I had already heard of the old Hall, a corner of which I could discern from where I stood, crowded in upon my brain; the whole demesne seemed under a malign influence—enchanted ground. I turned from the spot, whose lonely beauty had once so won my soul, with fear and loathing, and as I turned, there rang out—it may have been from the thicket across the stream, but the echoes took it up so suddenly, that it seemed to ring all around me—a laugh so terrible, so demoniacally mocking, that I could scarcely believe it came from mortal throat. Again and again it rose, and circled about, as though it would have headed my fleeing steps, and driven me back upon some dreadful Thing, while I fled through the fern towards home at my topmost speed, and the white-tailed rabbits scampered to left and right, less frightened than I.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DUMB WITNESS.

A sentiment of shame prevented my mentioning the affair of the footprints to my tutor; and as for Marmaduke, although we were by this time very intimate, I would not have furnished him with a new occasion for detesting Fairburn Chase, upon any account. Not only, however, was my favorite haunt by the brook become an object of aversion to me, but I confess I took much less delight in any part of the Heath demesne. I kept my eyes about me, even in the great avenue, and, upon the whole, preferred the rector's little garden, if at any time I had a mind for sleeping out of doors.

"Meredith," observed Mr. Long to me one morning—he called me "Peter" generally; but when he had anything serious to say, it was "Meredith"—"it appears to me that you don't take nearly so much exercise as you used to do; your appetite is falling; I am really concerned about you."

"Thank you, sir; I am pretty well."

"Nonsense, Peter; no boy should be 'pretty well;' he should be in the rudest, vulgarest health, or else he is in a bad way. Your good father advised me, that if you seemed the least to need it, I should get you a nag. It is Crittenden Fair next week; what say you to my buying you a horse?"

"Thank you, sir; that is just what I should like," cried I. "I am certainly getting tired of walking about alone"—and then I began to blush a little, for of late, rather than go into the Chase, I had been accompanying my tutor in his favorite diversion of fishing, which I cared nothing about, or else in his parochial expeditions.

"Don't be afraid to speak out, my boy," said Mr. Long, with a kind smile; "you will not hurt my feelings. You and I are very good friends, but you want somebody of your own age to be your companion. Isn't that it? And very natural too. No young gentlemen, except in story-books, enjoys the society of his tutors." Even Sandford and Merton got a little tired of good Mr. Barlow, I fancy; he was so desperately full of information. You want a fellow who can shy stones and climb trees."

"No, sir; indeed I don't," said I, a little indignantly, for I was getting too *old*, I flattered myself, for any boyish escapades of that sort. "But I do wish that Marmaduke was allowed to come out with me a little more. Would not Sir Massingberd let him have a horse also?"

Mr. Long shook his head, and was silent for a little; then, as if in continuation of his thought, he added: "And yet, I don't know. We'll go over to the Hall and see about it this very morning."

"*I*, sir?" inquired I in astonishment, for I had never set foot in Doubting Castle, or seen it from any nearer spot than the Heronry.

"Did I say 'we!' said Mr. Long reflectively. "I didn't mean to do so, but I really see no reason why you shouldn't come. You would wait a considerable time if you waited for an invitation from Sir Massingberd, but—Tush, if poor Marmaduke lives there, and yet remains a good boy, half an hour's visit will not be the ruin of the lad."

The latter part of this remark was uttered aloud, although intended to be strictly private, which was not an uncommon occurrence with my worthy tutor, and I have noticed the same peculiarity in other persons of studious habits. He led the way into the road at once, pursuing which under the Park wall, we presently came upon a little door, which my tutor opened with a private key. This admitted us into the wall-garden, or, as it was sometimes called, from the quantities of that fruit which it contained, the peach garden. An enormous area was here entirely given up to the cultivation of fruits; in the centre were strawberry beds, gooseberries, melon-beds, the glasses of which dazzled you to behold; and raspberries upon trellis work, on so extensive a scale that it looked like a maze. The northern end was occupied by an enormous greenhouse, which, in those days, was rather a rare adjunct, even to a rich man's garden. But the most surprising sight was that of the walls covered with spread-eagled fruit-trees, or, as school-boys then called them, "Lawk-a-daisies," laden with the most exquisite dainties—peaches, nectarines, apricots, and bloomy plums. A number of men were busily employed about this teeming scene.

"Why do they say Sir Massingberd is poor?" inquired I. "Is not all this his?"

"Yes; it is all his."

"Well, but what valuable fruit, and what enormous quantities of it! Why, he would make a large income, even if he was to sell it."

"He does sell it," replied my tutor, smiling. "Nineteen out of twenty of all these peaches will find their way to Covent Garden. Why, how could he eat them, you foolish boy? Even if he gave them away to all Fairburn, he would introduce the cholera."

"A baronet and a market-gardener!" exclaimed I. "Well, that seems very odd."

Mr. Long did not choose to inform me at that time that almost all the income Sir Massingberd had was drawn from this source, and from the selling of game, with which his great preserves were overflowing. The staff of gardeners and of keepers was retained mainly upon this account. In the interest of Marmaduke, Mr. Clint, the family lawyer, did, I believe, contribute a certain annual sum for keeping up the gardens and the Chase; but this was by private arrangement, and at his own risk and responsibility. Thus it was that while some parts of the Fairburn demesne were as admirably maintained as possible, others were suffered to fall into decay. Just as we emerged from the wall-garden, for instance, there was a small artificial hollow planted with trees, and within it, peering above ground, a thatched roof, covered with moss and mildew, and with great gaps and holes in it. This was the ice-house—in these Wenham Lake and Refrigerator days, an almost obsolete building, but in the time I write of, considered a necessary appendage to every country-seat. Next we entered an arcade of immense length, which the noonday rays would have striven in vain to penetrate, but for the spaces where the trellis-work had given way through age and neglect, and the ivy trailed down from rusted nails, and obstructed the way. Seats were placed in niches at unequal intervals upon one side of this arcade; but they looked very unattractive, damp, worm-eaten, cracked, and here and there with a slug upon them, making slimy paths. Yet from one of these alcoves there started up, while we were still a long way off, a female figure, and stood for a moment looking at us in great surprise. Above her hapened to be one of those broken portions of the leafy roof, and through it the sunlight poured right down in a golden flood, as a glory sometimes does in ancient pictures. A tall, dark woman who must have been exquisitely beautiful in her youth, and even now retained considerable attractions; her eyes were large and lustrous, and her hair—never even in India had I seen hair more dark, or so luxuriant. It was not rolled tight at the back in a great pillow, as was then the fashion, or, indeed, confined in any way, but streamed down over her shoulders, and far below that place where it was the pleasure of our ancestresses to consider that their waists occurred. She cast upon us at first a glance haughty and almost defiant, but upon recognizing my companion, quenched her fiery look.

"Stop here, my lad," whispered Mr. Long, laying his hand firmly upon my shoulder; "wait till she has gone away."

The woman saw the gesture, although she could not have heard the words. "I shall not bite the boy, Mr. Long," cried she with a shrill laugh; "however, I will make myself scarce." She took a few rapid steps to an opening on the right of the arcade, which led to the lawn and flower-garden, and was lost to us in a moment.

"I did not know there were any ladies at the Hall," said I.

My tutor did not answer, but walked on muttering to himself, as if annoyed; I did not repeat the remark, for I was wondering within myself whether it could be this woman who had watched my sleep, and knelt by me, dagger in hand, according to my dream. She looked just the sort of female to drive such an instrument home, if she entertained that fancy—a Judith, equal to the slaying of any Holofernes, and far more of a slight-built, overgrown Indian lad like me. There was certainly something uncanny about her; and I thought it very strange that Marmaduke had never spoken to me of her existence.

The arcade brought us out into a sunk garden, which was a rosary, on to which opened the tall windows of a noble-looking room. The walls, I could see, were lined with books, and on the numerous tables lay portfolios and volumes that gave promise of great store of plates. This was the library, where Marmaduke had told me he passed his only happy hours at Fairburn. His uncle rarely so much as entered it, although he was not without some reputation for learning. In particular, it was said that he was well acquainted with Divinity, and could quote chapter and verse of the Bible against the parson. I have since had reason to believe that his talents in this way were greatly exaggerated. What he had ever read, he doubtless recollected, if his memory served him as well in literary matters as when he had a grudge to pay; but I cannot think that he had ever studied divinity. If he had any knowledge of the Bible at all, it doubtless astonished all who knew him, and they made the most of it.

A few steps further brought us to the north face of the mansion, in which was the principal entrance. Notwithstanding the broad sweep in front of the steps, and the avenue branching right and left, there did not seem space enough, as contrasted with the vast mass of trees. The scene was like a clearing in a forest, where the openings are artificial, and the wood comes by nature, rather than the converse; and even in that September day the air struck chill. The griffins that guarded the great stone steps had lost, the one an ear, and the other a wing; and the steps themselves were chipped and cracked. The grass which grew there unchecked at other seasons, had, however, been scraped out, because Sir Massingberd's guests were expected immediately for the shooting. None of them, however, had as yet arrived. The great bell which answered our summons clanged through the place as though there had been neither furniture nor people within it. The vast door was opened long before its echoes ceased, and, indeed, with marvellous quickness. When the man saw who we were, he looked vexed at having put himself in a flurry without necessity. He had thought it might have been his master who demanded admittance, and had come post-haste from the pantry, it being very dangerous to keep the baronet waiting. We were ushered into the great hall, and left there while the man went to seek Sir Massingberd. This huge apartment was evidently used as a sitting-room; there were couches and comfortable chairs in profusion, and a fine aroma of tobacco pervaded everything. The walls were ornamented with antlers and the heads of foxes; a number of fishing-rods stood in one corner; in another lay some of those clubs that are used for exercising the muscles. On the table was an open pocket-book, stuck full of gorgeous artificial flies. Presently the man reappeared. Sir Massingberd would see us in his private sitting-room. We walked over polished oak, on which I could with difficulty keep my footing, down a long passage hung with grim portraits of the Heath family—"all dead and judged," as Marmaduke subsequently informed me—until we came to a short flight of steps on the left hand; these we descended, and following the footsteps of our conductor, in almost perfect darkness, came upon double doors, the inner of which, a baize one, admitted us into the presence of the proprietor. The baronet was in his shirt-sleeves, cleaning a double-barrelled gun.

"This is my pupil, Peter Meredith," said Mr. Long.

"*I* know the young gentleman," replied Sir Massingberd, curtly, and the horse-shoe upon his brow contracted as he spoke. "What makes you bring him here?"

"Well, Sir Massingberd," observed my tutor, forcing a laugh, "that is scarcely a hospitable observation. I bring this friend of your nephew's because what I have to propose concerns them both. It is good for these boys to be together, not to live solitary lives, and to keep them mewed up at home, as they are now, is a positive cruelty. Marmaduke is getting thinner and paler every day; and Meredith—"

"Do *you really* think so, parson?" asked the baronet eagerly, omitting for a moment to use the dirty-looking piece of oiled flannel which had previously monopolised his attention.

"I do indeed, Sir Massingberd. I believe that if a doctor was to give his opinion about that boy—"

"The Heaths never send for doctors—or for clergymen," interrupted the baronet, drily.

"And yet they have often needed advice both spiritual and temporal," quoth my tutor stoutly. "I say you should get a horse for your nephew's riding; it need be no trouble to you whatever. I am going over to Crittenden Fair next week myself to purchase one for my pupil; now, let me get one for your nephew also."

At first Sir Massingberd's countenance expressed nothing but angry impatience, but presently he began to rub the gun-barrel less and less violently.

"And who is to find the money?" inquired he.

"I think that can be managed, Sir Massingberd. Mr. Clint will doubtless listen to such an application on behalf of Marmaduke; he will risk advancing a few pounds—"

"For thirty-five guineas one can get a very good pony," observed the baronet reflectively.

"Or even for less," returned Mr. Long drily; and then, to my excessive terror, he added in quite as loud a key—"He wants to keep the difference; that's his plan."

"And he means to do it too," observed Sir Massingberd grimly. "No, you needn't apologize, parson, for your thinking aloud. You don't suppose I am going to do anything without being paid for it, do you? Then there's the keep of the animal. Now, what will Mr. Clint allow me for that, do you suppose? Oats and beans are very expensive, and you wouldn't have me feed my dear nephew's pony upon hay."

Sir Massingberd was a formidable object at all times, but I really think he inspired more fear when he was pleased—when some wicked notion tickled him—than even when he was in wrath.

"I think, Sir Massingberd, the question of expense can be managed to your satisfaction," said my tutor, not a little overwhelmed by having thus involuntarily expressed his suspicion of the baronet; "and, as I said, I will save you all trouble by selecting the horse myself."

"Certainly not, sir," exclaimed Sir Massingberd savagely; "I suffer no man to choose my horses for me."

"Very good," replied Mr. Long, biting his lip. "I have only to stipulate, then, that if your nephew gets the horse, he is to ride it. I shall have to make myself answerable for that much to Mr. Clint."

"Oh, he shall ride it," quoth the baronet, with a horrid imprecation; "you may take your oath of that. And, by-the-by, since you are here, parson, I want to have some talk with you about that same fellow Clint, who has been behaving devilish ill to me, I think. You may go away, young gentleman, *you* may. You'll find your future riding companion—he has about as much notion of riding as old Grimjaw yonder—sulking in his own room, I dare say. Grimjaw, show the young gentleman up to Marmaduke's room."

At these words, a dog of horrible aspect came out from under the very sofa on which I sat, and tottered off towards the door. He was the oldest and ugliest dog I ever beheld. He had only one eye, which was green; he had no teeth, and was therefore not to be feared as a combatant; but his aspect was loathsome and repulsive to the last degree. The people of Fairburn imagined this animal to be Sir Massingberd's familiar demon, and, until of late years, when the creature had become incapacitated by age from accompanying him much, the two were scarcely ever seen apart. Old as he was, however, the hideous Grimjaw had some instinct left, which, after the word "Marmaduke" had been once more shrieked at him, caused him painfully to precede me up the oak staircase, and along another gallery to a chamber-door, at which he sat and whined. This was immediately opened by his young master, who, with a "Come in, Grim," was only giving sufficient space for the entrance of the dog, when I cried out laughing: "What! have you no welcome for your friend? Like uncle, like nephew! What a pair of curmudgeons inhabit Fairburn Hall!"

The astonishment of Marmaduke at hearing my voice was excessive. Notwithstanding his pleasure, his first thought, as usual, was: "Did Sir Massingberd know?"

"Yes," said I, coolly; "of course he knows. He received me down stairs with his usual politeness. Mr. Long and he are conversing upon some private matters, so I came up here to see you. It is arranged that each of us is to have a horse, and that we are to go out riding together."

"A horse! Oh, impossible!" exclaimed Marmaduke, clapping his hands. "How did the good parson ever persuade my uncle? What *did* he give him?"

I could not help laughing at this naïve inquiry, which my friend had made in perfect seriousness. I told him all that had occurred, including our tutor's *tête-à-tête* soliloquy, at which Marmaduke cried "Heavens!" in terror. "It is marvellous, notwithstanding, that my uncle should have consented," observed my companion, musing. "He told me, indeed, that I should be a great nuisance in the house this month, while his friends were down here shooting; but that he should have entered into an arrangement which gives me pleasure as well as gets rid of me, that seems so very strange."

"He has doubtless some base motive," returned I, smiling. "Let us console ourselves with that reflection. But what have we here? Water-color paintings! Why have you never told me you were an artist?"

"I merely amuse myself with the paint-brush. I have had no lessons, of course, so that my perspective is quite Chinese."

"Nay, but I recognize almost all these scenes!"

"Well, you know I have been nowhere else but at Fairburn; so that it is from

thence I must take my subjects. The one you have there is taken from the bend in the stream beyond the Heronry."

"It is admirable," said I; and indeed it was so like the scene of my dream that it gave me a shudder.

"Would you like to have it?" replied Marmaduke carelessly. "You may take any that the portfolio contains. I only wish they were more worth your acceptance."

"Thank you," said I nervously. "I will certainly take this one, then;" and I rolled the sketch tightly up and placed it in my pocket. "But here is a pretty face! Why, Master Marmaduke, you have your secrets, I see. You have never mentioned to me this young lady. What beautiful hair! The eyes, too, how glorious, and yet how tender! It is surely not the lady whom we just met in the ar—"

"Silence, sir!" cried Marmaduke, in a voice of thunder. His face was lurid with rage, and for the first time I remarked upon his forehead a faint reflection of the horse-shoe that made so terrible the brow of his uncle. "Do not speak of that wretched woman in the same breath with—with"—He did not complete the sentence, but added, in his usual soft musical tones: "Pardon me, my friend; I am sorry to have been so hasty; but that picture is the portrait of my mother."

"It was stupid in me not to have known that at once," said I. "The likeness is most remarkable."

"But not the expression," returned he sadly. "I know that just now I looked like one of my own race. She was always an angel, even when she was on earth." And the boy looked up with his hands clasped, as though he beheld her, through his tears, in heaven.

"Did you paint that from a picture, Marmaduke?"

"No, from memory. Sleeping or waking, I often see her sweet face."

I had evidently raised, by my thoughtlessness, a long train of melancholy thoughts in my companion. The situation was embarrassing, and I did not know how to escape from it. As often happens with well-intentioned but blundering persons, I made the most inopportune remark that could be framed. Forgetting what I had heard of the infamous treatment which Mrs. Heath had received while under her brother-in-law's roof, I observed:

"Your mother was once at Fairburn, was she not? That should at least make the Hall more endurable to you."

Again Marmaduke's handsome face was disfigured with concentrated passion.

"Yes, she was here," returned he, speaking through his teeth. "For what she suffered alone the place would be cursed. Coward! scoundrel! Why does God suffer such men to live?"

It was terrible to see how like this young lad grew to the man he was execrating. He went on using such language as I could not have conceived him capable of employing.

"Marmaduke," said I, soothingly, "for Heaven's sake, be calm! Providence will one day reward this man; it is not for you to curse him. Come, now that I pay you a visit for the first time, you should play the host, and show me over the mansion. Why, that queer old dog seems to understand what one says. He rises as though he were the chatelain, and kept the keys of Doubting Castle. He brought me here as true as a blind man's cur. I cannot say, however, that he is beautiful; he is hideous, weird."

"It would be strange, indeed, if he were like other dogs," returned Marmaduke gravely. "He is the sole living repository of a most frightful secret. If he could but speak, he could perhaps send a man to the gallows."

"What man?" exclaimed I. "Pray, explain to me this mystery."

"I do not know what man," returned my companion solemnly. "I only conjecture. I will relate to you what is known of the matter, and you shall judge for yourself."

Marmaduke opened the door, to see that no one was in the passage without, and then, seating himself close beside me, commenced as follows:

"My grandfather and the present baronet lived on bad terms with one another. For the last ten years of his life, Sir Wentworth and his eldest son never met—but once—if they met at all. He had been very profligate and extravagant in his young days; but in his old age he grew miserly. When my father saw him last, it was in a small house in Bedford Place, in London, where he lived in a couple of ill-furnished rooms, and without a servant. Grimjaw and he slept there alone, but a charwoman came in every morning for a few hours. Sir Wentworth then gave it as his reason for this kind of life, that he was retrenching, in order to leave some suitable provision for his second son. 'Look here, Gilbert,' said he upon one occasion to my father; 'I have begun to lay by for you already;' and he showed him a quantity of bank-notes, amounting to several thousand pounds. He had never been an affectionate parent, or exhibited any self-denial for the benefit of his sons, and my father did not believe him. He thanked him, of course; but he came away without any idea that he would be really better off at Sir Wentworth's death. This was fortunate for him, for he never received a farthing; but I am not so certain as he was that the baronet did not intend to do what he promised. While the old man was living in this sordid fashion, his son Massingberd was passing his time very gayly at court. He played high, and there were few who could beat him with the cards—but there were some. It is no use being a good player, you see, unless you are the best; you only win from those whom you can beat, to lose it in your turn to the man who can beat you. Thus it was with my uncle, who played, as I say, high with everybody, but highest, as is often the case, with his superiors in skill. However, he paid his debts of honor with money raised at an enormous sacrifice. He lived well, but it was upon his future prospects. At last, being harder pressed than usual, he wrote to his father—the first letter he had penned to him for years—and demanded pecuniary help. Sir Wentworth wrote back a cynical, harsh reply, a copy of which I have seen—for all these details came out in the course of the inquest. He bade his son to call upon him, and judge from his style of living whether he was in a condition to comply with his request. He appointed a day and an hour—about five o'clock. It was in December, and quite dark, of course, by that time. At six o'clock on the appointed day, Sir Massingberd—for he had got his title by that time, whether he knew it or not—called at the police station near Bedford Place, and gave information that the house which his father occupied was shut up, and that he could not obtain admittance, although he had arrived there by appointment. The house was always shut up, they told him, although not untenanted; they could not explain why his summons had not been answered. A couple of policemen accompanied him to break open the door. While they were thus engaged a dog howled at them from inside. My uncle had made no mention of having heard this before. There was only one lock to force, the door being neither bolted nor chained, and they soon got in. The only two furnished rooms in the house opened upon the hall. In the sleeping-room they found my grandfather, dressed, but lying on the bed quite dead—suffocated, as the surgeons subsequently averred. In the sitting-room, with which it communicated, they found this dog here, crouching on the top of the mantelpiece, which was very lofty. How he got there nobody could tell. If he leaped thither, even from a chair, it must have been in an agony of terror. He was whining pitifully when they entered; but upon seeing my uncle he ceased to whimper, and absolutely seemed to shrink into himself with fear. Poor Grimjaw could give no witness at the inquest, however; so the jury returned an open verdict. It was possible that Sir Wentworth had had a fit of apoplexy, which carried him off."

"Well," said I, "and is not that probable enough?"

"Yes; but it could not have carried off the bank-notes—which were all gone—likewise. Could it, Grimjaw?"

Thus appealed to, the ancient dog set up a quavering howl, which might easily have been mistaken for the cry of an accusing spirit.

"Good Heavens! this is too horrible," cried I. "Be careful, Marmaduke, that you do not mention this to others. It is a frightful slander."

"Slander!" returned my companion, calmly. "It is you who slander, if you suspect anybody. I have only told you what everybody knew at the time the mur— well, then, when Sir Wentworth had his fit. The thing strikes you as it does me, that is all."

"But is it not inconceivable," urged I, "if the crime was committed by the person we are thinking of, that he should retain this dumb witness of his atrocity, that he should let it live, far less should keep it in his private sitting-room—"

"No!" interrupted Marmaduke firmly. "On the contrary, it strengthens my suspicions. You do not know the man as I do. It gives him gratification to subdue even a dog. This creature has no love for my uncle; but its excessive terror of him, which endured for months, nay, years, has gradually worn off. He obeys him now; whereas, as I have been told, it was long before it could do anything but shiver at the sound of his voice. After dinner, when I have been sitting with Sir Massingberd alone, he will sometimes give the dog a biscuit, saying with an awful smile: 'Here, Grimjaw; you and I know something that nobody else knows; don't we?'"

"Great Heaven!" cried I in horror; "and what does he do that for?"

"Because," replied Marmaduke bitterly, "he loves to see me tremble."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ORIENTAL CONSCIENCE.—To us, races profoundly serious, conviction means sincerity with ourselves. But sincerity with ourselves has not much meaning among the Eastern nations, who are little accustomed to the delicacy of the critical mind. Good faith and imposture are words which, in our rigid conscience, are opposed like two irreconcilable terms. In the East, between the two there are a thousand subterfuges, a thousand evasions. Material truth has very little value to the Oriental: he sees everything through his ideas, his interests, and his passions.—*Renan.*

☞ ENVY.—The dyspepsia of the mind.

THE BRIDGE OF PLANKS.

Spanning the streamlet's grassy banks,
Above the shallow brook,
Stands the old-fashioned bridge of planks,
In a cool shady nook.

An alder and an aged thorn
Over the waters meet,
And the wooden path is thin and worn
With the tread of many feet.

For from the hamlet on the hill,
That ancient footway leads
Over the narrow brawling rill,
Into the woods and meads.

The sturdy peasant, hale and strong,
Crosses with heavy tread,
While the lark trills out its morning song,
High o'er his dewy bed.

The sunburnt children, girls and boys,
In wild and merry rout,
In the full prime of childhood's joys,
Pass over with a shout.

For well the hardy urchins know
Beyond are meads and dells,
And woods where pale primroses grow,
And cowslips' scented bells.

The corn-boy passes night and morn
With his full shining pail;
The gleaner rests her load of corn
Upon its narrow rail;

The rat glides by with stealthy sound
Unto his reedy lair;
Remorseful truants, homeward bound,
Hold rueful counsel there.

The gray-haired patriarch loves the place;
He sees it from his cot,
And totters down with feeble pace
To linger near the spot.

The woodman, at the close of day,
Turns to his dear abode,
And trudges o'er the well-known way
Beneath his heavy load.

And there, on summer eves, I ween,
True lovers breathe their vows,
What time the pale moon's trembling sheen
Falls on the hawthorn boughs.

Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
Spanning the grassy banks,
It stands the friend of young and old,
The trusty bridge of planks.

A BOARDING-SCHOOL "DOWN SOUTH."

[The following is from Colburn's London Magazine. It professes to be literally true, but of course we do not vouch for the writer's truthfulness. It is very amusing, however, whether exact in its statements or not. —*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

I.—HOW I BECAME PROFESSOR OF THREE FINE ARTS.

The following narrative is true, and there is not the slightest invention in it. The picture may be a caricature, but I cannot help it:—

Just five years and a half ago I landed in the New World with a stock of philological and juridical knowledge, as well as a decent fund of German conscientiousness, and to my no slight surprise I found three different professorships cut and dried for me. I had scarce arrived in Philadelphia ere my friend K——— came into my modest garret with a beaming face, to inform me that the principal of an important ladies' institution at Macon, in Mississippi, had come up to engage a German professor for painting, drawing, and music.

"It is a first-rate situation," he said, "which you must accept."

At first, speechless through surprise, I looked him in the face for awhile, but his seriousness soon convinced me that he was not jesting. Hence I answered him:

"My dear friend, I never had a brush in my hand in my whole life. I certainly drew a head once at school, five-and-twenty years ago, but have quite forgotten the art. As for music, I noticed this very day that I could not remember the notes, and I have not touched a key for at least fifteen years."

I had made this painful discovery at a pianoforte in my boarding-house. Thanks to my good memory, I had managed to get through the first two parts of "Weber's Invitation," but the third part had presented difficulties which my stiff fingers could not master.

"That's all of no use," K——— answered my objections. "You will come with me at once to the principal. But play me something first."

With evil forebodings I sat down to the piano, strummed the first two parts of the Invitation, and broke down in the third, as I had anticipated.

"Oh, stuff!" my friend remarked; "you mustn't break down like that."

"My dear friend," I said, soothingly, "I am most anxious not to break down, but I must, as I do not know the piece."

"Oh, stuff! You must play it right off, or you won't get the situation. But come along."

We set out to find the principal, who was to be seen at a large music-store no great distance from my house. My friend was to play the interpreter, as I could not speak English yet. In the grief of my heart I tried, en route, to urge my companion to honestly acquaint the principal with the state of my musical qualifications, but at the same time to hint that I would do my utmost to make up for my deficiencies.

"For Heaven's sake don't talk such strange bosh," he replied; "that will not do in America. Here a man must know everything. If I were to tell the principal the truth, you would not have a chance of the situation."

The principal, Mr. Poindexter, a well fed gentleman and Methodist, surveyed me from head to foot, and then seemed to regard me as a real possessor of the three above-mentioned fine arts. On entering the store, I noticed with horror, near the door, an open piano, and tried to remove the scene of the negotiation as far as possible from the instrument, lest a stray glance at it might induce the professor to request me to play something.

The negotiation began between my friend and Mr. Poindexter, and was finished with surprising speed. Ere five minutes were over, the former told me that everything was arranged, and I was engaged as professor of painting, drawing, and music. My conscience pricked me, and urged me to make the principal understand in my horribly broken English that I knew nothing about the two first arts, and, as for the third, I had just gone back to the first principles. But he answered me very dryly: "You have a full month, and can learn all that."

The school year began on October 1, and we were now in the last week of August. In these four weeks, then, I should, and could, according to the principal's statement, become a triple artist. Mr. Poindexter, as a native, must understand this, and his remarks had a cheering effect, and I said to myself, "The climate of this country must be very favorable to artistic development, and will have the same effect on you."

I therefore asked the principal if he had the requisite materials at his institution, so that I could begin my studies at once. He answered in the affirmative, and the matter was concluded. He then introduced me to a Mr. Oliva, whom he had engaged to teach Italian and singing. Oliva, who had been singing in pot-houses at Philadelphia, represented himself as the son of a general, and declared that he had been an officer in the first Italian campaign; but I have reasonable suspicions that he was a tailor by trade, for, afterwards, he made himself several shirts, turned a coat, &c., and did it all with a readiness which only a sartorial artist could display. I owed to his instructions, indeed, considerable progress in this noble profession.

On a Thursday our engagement was concluded; and, on the next day, Poindexter carried me and the Italian off to the railway station. Before starting I bought a couple of sketches, paper, and other drawing materils, and started in good spirits with my two companions and a lady teacher engaged at Richmond. From Richmond to Montgomery I was unable to apply to my artistic exercises, for we travelled day and night in the train; but at the latter town we went on board a steamer, which was to convey us to Mobile. This tour took three days, owing to the low water in the Alabama, and I found a favorable opportunity for drawing. Hence, I looked about for a suitable spot, and was so lucky as to discover on deck an old coach, in which I at once established my studio. I fetched a sketch of two boys playing with a dog, and stepped into the coach. After I had been at work some time, a little Yankee schoolboy visited my studio, sat down coolly by my side, and asked very simply whether I was drawing a monkey. I gave him a killing look, ordered him out, packed up my traps, and resolved to let the climate have its effect on me ere I began to draw again.

Rather agitated by this downfall, I leant over the gangway and gazed at the river. All at once I felt a pluck at my sleeve, and, on turning, saw my principal, who soon got all my cash from me except two dollars, under the excuse that he was short. I afterwards learnt that he did this with the praiseworthy intention of depriving me of the means of bolting. Thus lightened, I tried to cheer my spirits by the gay sight the voyage offered. The banks of the Alabama a long way below Montgomery are very pleasant. They rise rather high on both sides, the left bank being well wooded, while the right is chiefly covered with large cotton plantations. From the latter negroes rolled bales of cotton down the bank, so soon as our steamer came in sight. At many spots, too, heavy cars were let down by ropes to deliver their lading aboard. So soon as the freight reached the shore, the steamer stopped, and the slaves, who formed our crew, set to work. Two planks were thrust ashore, over which the slaves hurried, driven by the overseer. With remarkable agility the negroes carried heavy bales or cases over the slippery planks; now and then an idler received a lash from the overseer's whip, while another woolly-head tried to avoid the whip by flight, and with hearty laughter made faces at the overseer from a safe distance, till some unforeseen interlude put an end to the pursuit. All at once, a huge bale rolled down the hill, dashed against a case standing on the water's edge, and hurled it into the river. An indescribable yell of delight from all the niggers saluted this accident, while the planter under his umbrella stood indolently on his estate and gazed angrily at what was going on below. Another of these thin-legged planters was busily engaged on the bank in making more holes in the crown of his black hat, so as to increase the ventilation; when the steam-whistle sounded, the planks were pulled in, and we moved ahead again. Then the negroes made themselves comfortable on the cotton bales, and rested from their labors. One muscular fellow laid himself full length on his back and exposed his black face to the torrid beams of the August sun with intense delight, while another stumbled over a rope and fell on the deck. This accident gave another woolly-head such an inexhaustible subject of laughter, that he positively rolled on the bales. Thus we went on quietly till nightfall, when the boat received a sharp blow, and we ran aground. This happened to us, by-the-by, some fifteen or twenty times during the trip, although the steamer only drew one and a half feet of water. The slaves went ashore with torches, and soon set her free again.

At last we reached Mobile, to my great regret. I was so lucky as soon to find a German here, for whom I had a letter. I opened my heart to him, and expressed my alarm as to the lesson-giving, judging from my late drawing experiment.

"Don't trouble yourself about that," he said. "The ladies do not bother themselves at all about learning. It is all a swindle. You need only paint or draw something for the girls, so that they may have it to show. They will not do anything themselves."

"That would be all right," I replied, "if I could paint or draw anything for them."

"Go to the institution safely. Let the girls do as they like; that is what they want."

Uncertain whether to feel consoled or not by these remarks, I went to the hotel, where my agitation of mind, and the countless mosquitoes, deprived me of rest. The next morning I happened to take up the *Mobile Daily Tribune*, and, to my great surprise, found the following announcement in it:

"We hear that Mr. Poindexter has been north, in order to complete the arrangements for his admirable school. He engaged there a well-known Italian professor to give lessons in operatic music. He also acquired Professor Oliva, of Naples, and a German linguist from Heidelberg. With these acquisitions, his school will be equal to any college in the United States," &c.

From Mobile we started by train, which would deposit us in the evening at Macon. I found my spirits still more depressed by the country through which the line ran. Here stretched out for a long distance plantations, on which stood isolated charred trees, which the fire had been unable to destroy when the woods were burned, and which raised their thin dry branches as if imploring. The buildings seemed to be some distance off. Then we passed through interminable districts of virgin forest, in which trees and bushes were so intertwined that a passage appeared impossible. The soil was covered with standing water, in which fallen trees were rotting. Everything was silent as the grave, save when a herd of cattle lying on the line were startled by the railway whistle, and fled timidly in all directions. At times there were stations, where a few log-huts formed the beginning of a future town. At length we reached Macon, a wretched-looking place with about two thousand inhabitants. But the institution looked rather stately from the outside; for though only built of wood, it was three-storied, and adorned in front and rear with a lofty veranda. It would be pleasant living in these lofty and comfortable rooms, nor would there be any lack of agreeable society. M. le Marie, the swift-footed French professor, came tripping towards us, and in the first hour of our acquaintance we learned that he had been all over the world, had studied every branch of science and art, and that his method of teaching had been approved by the Parisian Academie. Certainly a most respectable colleague! On the other hand, the first music teacher, Mr. Oakes, a Yankee, strolled up slowly. Perhaps he was not so amiable as the Frenchman, slightly phlegmatic and chary of words, but, doubtless, equally important. As I soon learned, he was a second Thalberg.

And I? I mentally surveyed my musical stock once more, found it wretchedly poor, and went sadly to my bed, whither I was soon followed by the Italian; for Tom, the negro, who was to wait on us, had not whitewashed our room, and hence we must temporarily occupy a single bed in the principal's office. The next morning I requested Mr. Poindexter to hand over to me the painting and drawing materials. He calmly declared that he had nothing of the sort. Amazed at this, I reminded him of his previous statement, that I should find everything I required; but he merely shrugged his shoulders. I could not paint, consequently, but I was determined not to give up the drawing. Hence I fetched my large study of a female head, went into a side-building where the chief school-room was, and set to work. I drew for hours in the sweat of my brow, and was just going to examine the general effect of my labor, when I heard a tremendous laugh behind me. Professor Oakes had slipped unnoticed into the room, and had been watching me. "Is this your handiwork?" he said, as he took up my drawing, and inspected it with renewed bursts of laughter. I considered the criticism he thus expressed so decided, that I resolved henceforth to give up drawing and leave the rest to fate.

With great despondency I rolled up my drawing, and carried it into our room, which Tom had whitewashed by this time. It was one-story high, in a side building. But was this really a room for two professors, or only the ruin of one? Nearly all the window-panes were broken, and covered with boards or paper; the walls, too, were full of large holes, through which the surrounding country could be seen. And what was the meaning of the countless small holes, as if the walls had been bombarded with canister? And then the furniture! Two rickety chairs and an old table minus one leg. Is this the full extent of professorial splendor in the haughty South? Not quite. There are two old bedsteads in the room. And the heat! The sun shone the whole day on this den, and the only refreshment consisted of lukewarm rain-water.

On entering this room I had gloomy thoughts, the more gloomy because I felt restless and anxious in mind. I was obliged to confess to myself that my artistic efforts had been a failure. Still, I had not yet tried music, and resolved to attack it with the energy of despair and thorough Teutonic perseverance. I consequently went down to the hall, where an old pianoforte stood, and worked away on it for six hours a day at Bertini's Piano School, in order to get acquainted with the theory and practice my stiff fingers. Mr. Oakes, the second Thalberg, listened to me at times, as I noticed. I did not let myself be put out by this, but was really surprised one morning at not finding the instrument. It had been removed to another room, the key of which Thalberg refused to give me, in spite of my representations.

The gates to all three arts were now closed against me, and nothing was left but to apply myself to the study of modern languages. Hence I allotted my time, and spent the day at English, French, Italian, and Spanish. My Italian colleague caught, in the meanwhile, mice, flies and spiders. Over the mice he poured spirits, which he fired, and then let the creatures loose. In winter he fastened a string to their tails, and made them dance on the hot stove. I could not give the necessary effect to my protests against this mode of killing time, for it was not pleasant living with him. At times he played an old fiddle he had brought with him; he did not know a single note, and merely played by ear. Hence, when he began I was compelled to leave the room. Every now and then heartrending sounds reached us from the Frenchman's room. Monsieur le Maire amused himself with playing the bugle by ear, and was regarded as a maestro in the town. Thalberg passed the time more simply; he sat for hours in a rocking-chair in the veranda, with his hat on the back of his head, and stared at the blue sky.

II.—HOW THE SCHOOL WAS KEPT.

In this way October 1st continually drew nearer, and any moment might bring ladies. At length they really arrived; two stately carriages rattled up. My heart beat with anxiety. Handsome, fashionably-dressed girls got out. "There are the ladies, then! What will come of it all?" I felt a cold shudder. Luckily, I could not indulge in sad thoughts for long, as Thalberg appeared to inform me that the season must be opened with a concert.

"How does that affect me?" I asked, savagely.

"You must play the piano."

"I—I shall certainly let it alone."

"Oliva and I will play the violin, and you must accompany us on the piano. Poindexter insists on it."

All my opposition, my solemn assurances that I should break down were of no avail. He led me into his school-room, a small, warm cage of boards, in which there was a piano, and Oliva was waiting with his awful fiddle. The rehearsal began, and was not encouraging, for the Italian was always five or six bars ahead, and held his instrument in the bargain close to my right ear. His playing was a heart-breaking scraping, for which my nervous system was not permanently adapted. I jumped up and ran away, and Thalberg pursued me. I called out to him that no power would induce me to stand this martyrdom again. After a long discussion I gave way, however, upon a solemn promise from Oliva that he would keep his violin three yards from my ears.

On the appointed evening we three performers proceeded to the large lecture-hall, which was filled with the scholars and the elite of the Macon society. I will not attempt to describe the feelings with which I went to the instrument. I only know that my senses seemed to be leaving me, for Oliva, at the start, got six bars ahead, and continually brought his violin nearer my ear. I made heroic efforts to hold my own in this fearful Dutch concert. All at once the Italian dashed into the next part, and I stuck hard and fast.

"No sticking—no sticking!" Thalberg whispered to me. "Go ahead; give it them strong. The people here do not understand music."

I did not let this be told me twice. We began again. By my wild beating at the

keys I drowned the two violins, and the audience appeared to be remarkably edified.

On the next day school began, and before the bell rang several girls galloped up, sometimes two on one horse. They were day-scholars. As I had nothing to do at present, I resolved to attend the lectures. It was a strange school. On a dais that ran along the south side of the room stood the principal, in the most incredible negligé. He wore slippers down at heel, his torn coat was tucked up at the cuffs, and his hair was not brushed, but merely thrust back with his fingers. From his mouth projected a dirty clay pipe; moreover, he had the customary quid in his cheek, and at one moment ejected a cloud of smoke, at another a shower of saliva. And in this state he delivered—it is strange but true—a lecture on demeanor, and illustrated it by suitable movements, which frequently aroused loud laughter among his pupils. With this attire I compared a passage from the *Alabama Planter* of July 17, 1858, in which Mr. Pointdexter was described as a perfect gentleman of the finest polish.

But our principal, who, with his powerful voice, filled the whole school-room, was not the only authority in it. In one corner stood a lady teacher before a small circle of scholars, to whom she was teaching history. In another corner Oliva was instructing four other pupils in Italian. Near the principal, M. le Maire was giving lessons in French. These simultaneous operations, the answers of four classes in four different branches, and the sound of a piano being played close to the school-room, seemed to me peculiarly adapted to attract the attention of the pupils.

When a week had passed, I obtained some occupation as music-teacher. I went to the parlor, a large room, in which was a piano, on which I was to give my lessons. If I had been surprised at the sight of the lecture room, in which the school-books and novels were strangely mixed up, while thick dust lay on the tables and chairs, it was respectable and clean when compared with this parlor. The latter would have served admirably to teach the scholars a horror of dirt. Here stood an old piano which had formerly been used as a bed, there a broken go-cart. Table and floor were covered with books and music in wild confusion. An upset inkstand had poured its contents over them. Several books were torn apparently by dogs. A candlestick had fallen from the table, and the tallow was spattered over the books. A buttered biscuit had been bitten and then thrown among the books. A cake of blacking lay also on the ground, while the blacking-brush was on the pianoforte. The window-panes were broken, and filth covered the floor.

I was engaged in surveying this chaos when my lady made her appearance. She was a girl of nineteen years of age, and stated that she could play the piano very well, but seemed to me excessively affected. On entering she opened a box containing a mass resembling snuff, thrust a small brush into it, with which she bedaubed her teeth, and began chewing. When she had ended this operation, I asked her what she played, so as to get some idea of her capabilities. She selected a piece of music, placed it on the stand, and said to me,

"Professor, just play this to me." I looked at the thing, and started on seeing the most difficult variations on the Carnival of Venice. I could not have played a couple of bars of it. Trembling all over, I stared at the piece, and mechanically turned the leaves over. "Go ahead, professor," she at length said.

"My lady," I replied, in my broken English, "I am not here to perform, but to give lessons. Be kind enough to play the piece yourself."

But she had no inclination to do this, and selected another piece. I found that she could play difficult music, but did so atrociously. Besides, she had a habit of skipping every passage that did not please her, with the words, "That is disgusting." I had not the slightest power to make her play anything she did not like, and hence I was obliged to give way. The result was, that, when she played at the next party, people generally remarked that it was awful—a remark I had already made to myself.

A stone fell from my heart when the first lesson with this lady was at an end. Fortunately the lesson only lasted half an hour. I had just begun to breathe more freely when another pupil came in. She was about fourteen years of age, and could not play much. Hence I set to work thoroughly with her, and laid scales before her. But she made a bitter face and said, "Before I play scales, I would sooner give the lessons up." I was, of course, obliged to give way, and let her play what she liked. After her came another pupil. She was tall and pretty, but at times a thick yellow fluid flowed from the corners of her lips. I found that she chewed a sweet-scented resin. She did not know the notes, but insisted on beginning with "Yankee Doodle." Although I opposed this to the best of my ability, I was obliged to give in, for she wanted to play the piece to her parents. This was rather dubious, as she only intended to remain three months at the institution, and, moreover, frequently shirked the lessons.

"I do not care," the principal answered, when I complained to him; "if you don't like it, alter it; but then see where you will get pupils."

In spite of my zealous efforts she learned nothing at all, and at the end of the term was as unable to play the tune as at the beginning, which she seemed to fancy extraordinary.

With these three lessons my first day's work was ended, for there were no pupils for painting and drawing. I therefore went to my den, and had scarce reached it ere I heard a tremendous disturbance. A band of young ladies dashed up the stairs with shrieks, and the scraping of the Italian's fiddle soon informed me that he was going to commence his singing-lessons. He appeared to me to have a peculiar system; for, instead of singing, I only heard laughing, giggling, and stamping. At length he rushed into my room, bathed in perspiration.

"Pray come and help me," he said, "by playing the piano, so that we may have some order."

I at once followed him to his "academy," which he had opened in an old room, whose condition was fearful. A part of the ceiling had fallen in, and lay in fragments on the floor. There were no broken panes, for the whole of the window had fallen down into the garden. Against the wall stood a primitive piano, which was disgusting to touch, owing to the immoderate amount of dust that covered it. In front of it was a broken chair, with the stuffing pulled out. I sat down to the broken-winded instrument, and the Italian began. He had undertaken the difficult task of forming a chorus of pupils who did not know their notes. It was a hard job! At first he tried to make them sing separately, but one girl refused point-blank, another uttered fearful sounds, while the rest chased each other about the room and passage. At last I rose and tried to give the young ladies some notion of time. They received my well-meant advice with such a hearty giggle that I was driven back to the piano. The Italian now gave the whole chorus the signal to begin. Pianoforte and violin did their utmost, but what a shrieking it was! I thanked Heaven when the dreadful sounds changed into a general laugh, under cover of which the young ladies ran away.

"This is really awful," I said to the Italian. "How can you tolerate such impropriety?"

"Well, it cannot be helped," he replied, as he packed up his violin in some confusion.

I saw how the matter was. The principal had not arranged to pay us any fixed salary, but two-thirds of the lesson-money, keeping the other third for board and lodging. Hence, if we had attempted to behave as teachers, the pupils would have stayed away, and the teachers would have suffered the greatest loss.

III.—OF MATTERS GENERALLY AT THE INSTITUTION.

The Italian handed me his violin to convey into our room, as he said he had something to do. I fancied that he wished to go "finding," for he was a great hand at this little game. He had eyes like a lynx, and, at the end of the lessons, prowled about the rooms and passages to pick up anything the ladies had dropped. In this way he appropriated veils, handkerchiefs, fans—in short, everything. Once he even brought a handsome gold brooch which a very wealthy girl had lost. While she looked for it in vain, it was hidden away in an old glove of the Italian's. On this occasion, however, he went to the principal to settle some matters, for the latter had told him that he would probably have to teach Spanish, although he did not understand a word of the language.

When I entered our room, to my surprise I found Nigger Tom parading in my tail-coat. Tom was coal-black, but extremely vain and proud, because his master would not sell him under fifteen hundred dollars. Up to this time his blue coat had satisfied him, which he arranged so as to suit all seasons. In summer he slit the sleeves open for the sake of coolness, and in winter sewed them up again. But the sight of our black coats seemed to have given another direction to his taste, and he insisted on purchasing one from us, but we could not make a deal. Moreover, he stole like a raven; lucifers, candles, tobacco, pipes, and whatever he could lay hold of. At the same time he lied with a calmness that was really imposing, though he certainly possessed the advantage of not being able to blush. For some time he had paid me special respect, for I had given him a quarter-dollar out of the two I had saved, and he seemed to believe that he must treat me as an equal. On Sundays, when dressed in his best, and with his woolly hair curled, he at times asked my leave to look at himself in our broken glass. But when he noticed that we had no money left—for Pointdexter did not give us a cent, and we had to wait ten months—he regarded us as vagabonds, and turned obstinate. If I gave him clothes or linen, he received them contemptuously, and as if doing me a favor, and seemed to have even a meaner opinion of me than before. At last he left off making the beds, brought no water, did not clean the boots, or trouble himself at all about sweeping out our room. The latter neglect was most unpleasant to me. The little girl's schoolroom was only separated from our bedroom by a passage, and was never swept. The day-boarders brought their dinners in tin boxes, and threw the fragments on the ground. This produced a very disagreeable mess in the room, which was increased by the mud the girls brought in on their shoes. This generated a number of fleas, which soon made excursions to our bedroom. Hence I went into town, bought a broom on credit, and swept out both rooms thoroughly every Saturday evening. Tom, who once saw me at this work, began to despise me utterly, and became so impudent that I was compelled to turn him out. The principal, to whom we complained, had not the pluck to punish Tom, and gave us another negro of the name of Meagher. This gentleman had shortly before robbed the gardener of thirty-four dollars and run off, but was pursued by bloodhounds and brought back. He had a habit of answering a sulky "Yes" to everything, and generally neglected doing what he was ordered. "Meagher, bring some wood." "Yes." "Meagher, why haven't you brought the wood?" "Yes." "If you don't bring it directly, we will tell the principal." "Yes." But the wood did not come, and though it was not very cold in winter, harsh winds blew, and there was an insupportable draught in our rooms owing to the broken windows and holes in the walls. We were, therefore, obliged to steal wood, and without any ceremony attacked a pile which Pointdexter had cut for building purposes. In default of a saw, we thrust large beams, which reached to the doorway, into the stove, and pushed them in as they burnt away. Thus we managed to get along at Pointdexter's expense.

The ladies seemed in this respect to be worse off than ourselves, for there were no fires in the sitting-room, dining-room, or music-rooms. Hence it frequently happened that the ladies could not play because their fingers were too stiff. That they put up with this neglect surprised me on the part of these pretentious American girls. But there were stranger things still. In the already quoted article in the *Alabama Planter* about the Calhoun Institution (the name of our school,) I had read *inter alia* the following:—

"The kitchen department is no mockery of good living, where starving pupils try to snatch a badly-cooked mouthful from each other; on the contrary, there is an abundance of everything that can be procured from the surrounding country and Mobile. Fruit, vegetables, fish, oysters, &c., are daily forwarded by railway from Mobile for the kitchen department. Every one will see the advantages of a good table in a ladies' institute; for our daughters will thus become used to the mode of living, which is a birthright of the children of our rich and productive South."

According to this, a richly covered table might be expected, but Pointdexter had simplified matters. For breakfast we had a cup of bad coffee, red-hot biscuits, and half-fluid butter; exceptionally, a plate of fat ham was put on the table for the teachers, but the principal confiscated two-thirds of it as his share. For dinner we had hot biscuits, desperately fat ham, sweet potatoes, and very rarely other vegetables. Now and then a turkey was served; but it was not enough for fifty people. At times, too, a joint greeted our sight, but it was brought up for four days in succession, till every one was sick of it. For supper we had another cup of bad coffee, biscuits, and rancid butter. In February and March we had nothing but fat ham for dinner, because at that season the cattle all around were so thin as not to be fit for killing. They are allowed to graze in the open air all the year round, and nobody paid the slightest attention to them. In January and February the vegetation died out, and the cattle found nothing to eat. The owners would sooner let them die than give them anything to eat. Hence the poor creatures pined away to skeletons. I saw a cow fall from hunger and weariness, and, as it could not get up again, the negroes set it on its legs and propped it against a wall to keep it from falling.

The ladies, however, did not appear to complain about the food. Besides, they could stand a good deal. When it rained violently during school-hours, the rain poured into the school-room, and the ladies, wet through, were forced to run to the main building, which was about two hundred yards off. They seemed, too, to consider this quite regular. All this made me think that it could not be different in the other institutions, of which there were about half a dozen in the neighborhood.

Generally, our ladies were rather wild, but true children of nature, without falsehood, but, at the same time, without any idea of respect and elegance. They possessed a certain share of good humor, and yielded in the fullest extent to their inclination and feelings. A girl of nineteen would sit down and cry in the presence of us all, on receiving a letter from her father, in which he scolded her for the debts she had incurred in the town. The young ladies were very attached to dresses, and several of them attired themselves thrice a day in silk.

I was very much disgusted with a species of prudery that was displayed. The word "leg," and numerous other words, must never be used in the presence of the ladies. Once even, when the Italian asked a pupil out of the grammar, "How is your son?" she became quite wild, complained to the principal, and refused to take any more lessons.

IV.—HOW MY ENGAGEMENT HAD A PREMATURE CLOSE.

The girls took lessons in the most various branches, and had to pay heavily for them; but, for all that, the Italian and I did not get on. I had only a few scholars for the piano, and he only a few in singing and Italian. Hence our prospects were very gloomy. One day the Frenchman proposed we should improve our finances by joining him in inserting a pompous advertisement in the *Macon Journal*, offering lessons in all possible arts and sciences, but more especially in playing every instrument. This announcement appeared, but met with no success. M. le Maire obtained one pupil on the flute, an instrument he had never touched before in his life. He really gave his pupil two lessons, but then matters suddenly altered.

At Christmas the Frenchman's wife ran away, because the poor fellow was up to his ears in debt. In order to keep him, the principal had induced him to buy a piece of ground, for he was an excellent teacher for Pointdexter. I spoke to girls in the institution who had been taking French lessons for four years, and yet could not say "How d'ye do?" in French. Unfortunately, a sum of six thousand dollars, which he daily expected from France, did not arrive, and thus he had been unable to pay a farthing off the purchase-money. He was in debt almost everywhere in the bargain, and the consequence was, that, about New Year, he too suddenly disappeared.

The principal was still growling about this occurrence, when I walked into the office to ask how much money I might expect, and a small sum on account. I wished to know how I stood, for I had heard things in the town which I did not like, and the Frenchman's bolting rendered me very anxious.

"Do you take me for a swindler?" he shouted at me, and held his clenched fist under my nose.

Fortunately it was a Sunday, otherwise he would probably have struck me. He was tall and strong, I small; I also knew that he had once had a fight with a German music-master, in which chair-legs played a striking part. A similar fight would, doubtless, have resulted to my disadvantage. Under these circumstances I displayed the calmness of a sage, and in this way led him to promise to pay the paltry sum of one hundred and twenty dollars at the end of the school year, although, from his statements at Philadelphia, I had a right to expect six times as much.

About this time there came a change for the better with the Italian, though just before he had been in a very awkward position with the principal, his pupils, and indeed the whole town of Macon. Shortly before New Year an evening party was got up at the military hall, in which the teachers and pupils of our institution were to take part. The admission was only five dollars, for which was offered the amusement of an orchestra, consisting of a negro who played the fiddle; in addition, there were refreshments, consisting of hot biscuits, fat ham, a few oranges, and rain-water. The Italian, who was disappointed in his ideas about the supper, hastened in his just wrath to a dram-shop, to soothe his ire with whiskey. In this he succeeded; and being in a rosy temper on his return to the hall, he invited a negro girl standing at the entrance to dance—a most serious piece of boldness. To prevent further unpleasantness, Signor Oliva was hurried off to the institution, but the morning threatened something awful. Silent, pale, and with lips quivering with excitement, the principal sat at breakfast, and, at the close of the meal, ordered the culprit to his office. Oliva stood like a condemned man; the girls avoided him, and refused to take another lesson of him.

"If it is true," the principal said to the Italian, "that you wanted to dance with a negro wench, you must escape in the night. That is a crime against morality which nobody pardons."

Oliva denied the fact, and stated that he had been misunderstood. Some acquaintances in the town, who would have lost money by the Italian's disappearance, came forward as witnesses in his favor, and the matter was finally settled by the principal explaining to the pupils that it had been all a mistake. When Oliva had got out of this scrape, he managed to thrust me aside and take the Frenchman's place. He was better suited for it than I was, for he did not trouble himself about the attendance. In this way he got on so famously, that at the end of six months the girls had not even learned the accent, and begged him to begin at the beginning again. Only one thing annoyed him, and that was when girls thrust paper under his coat collar; in such a case he would break off the lesson at once.

He was now in a better position, for I had not as yet obtained any pupils for drawing. On the other hand, a young American girl arrived between Christmas and Easter, to give instructions in oil painting. She understood her work better than I did, for she brought with her a number of half-finished daubs, which were quickly completed with the assistance of the pupils, who, at any rate, had something to show for their money.

Suddenly the monotonous school life received a fillip. At the close of March commenced the preparations for the grand examination that was to come off at the end of June. The principal wished to make this a very grand affair, and music was to play the chief part in it. Pieces were to be performed simultaneously on their instruments, with the accompaniment of the big and little drum. The ladies were to declaim and sing French, German, Italian and Spanish songs; for the public must be offered a proof that Pointdexter's young ladies understood all these languages. Moreover, several orators were to be engaged in various quarters to add to the solemnity. Hence Thalberg was busily engaged all day in beating time and rehearsing the grand musical entertainment. Of course I had to do my share, but unexpectedly ran on to a rock. I had two pretty sisters as pupils, and intended them to play a duet at the examination. The younger sister, who was about eleven years of age, however, refused to perform.

"But you must," I said.

"And I won't," she replied.

"In that case I must tell the principal!"

"You can do so if you like; I don't care for the principal."

These refusals had no further consequences, however, for a new phase suddenly occurred in the school life. At the end of May two girls died in rapid succession. The others grew timid, feared the outbreak of a contagious disease in the institution, and began to go home. Pointdexter made desperate efforts to stop the girls, for he was anxious about the examination; but the ladies went, and ere long only a few who lived farther away remained. The examination must be given up, and the lessons were suspended. We packed up our traps to be ready to start at a moment's notice; but our departure was delayed for a fortnight. It was not till I had packed up my books, and was unable to study, that I was able to realize what it would be to spend ten months in such an institution without employment. Now, I could not upbraid the Italian, who had several times had serious intentions of committing suicide through ennui, for we had not the slightest amusement. We could not go walking, for the country was too wretched, and the roads too sandy and dusty. The town was not worth visiting, and the people in it and around were, in the bargain, extremely unsocial. They were mostly people who had risen by luck, and had assumed an unpleasantly pompous manner. Hence, after breakfast was over, we lay on our beds and smoked. We did the same on returning from the wretched dinner and supper. I found some amusement, however, in the school-books, which I carefully examined. Very strange things fell into my hands. The girls were very fond of Latin, and went at Virgil and Cicero's speeches without any previous knowledge. But I found a Virgil so arranged that the English text followed the Latin line by line. The philosophic works—*i. e.* Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, History, &c.—were supplied on the margin with the questions the teacher was to ask. Everything was most practically arranged, it will be seen.

At length Pointdexter informed us that we were at liberty to leave. I received my wretched pay, settled my debts in the town, jumped into the train, and soon left the miserable place far behind.

DREAMING AND DOING.

"I have done at length with dreaming: henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and gauntlet, waging warfare most Divine.
Life is struggle, combat, victory! wherefore have I slumbered on,
With my forces all unmarshaled, with my weapons all undrawn?
Oh! how many a glorious record had the angels of me kept.
Had I done instead of doubted—had I warred instead of wept!
Yet my soul, look not behind thee! thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toil of the present overarch the crumbled past!
Build thy great acts higher and higher, build them on the conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding, and thy first prayer rose to God."

☞ Mr. Home in Rome.—A statement has been very widely circulated, that Mr. Home, the Spiritualist, has settled in the Queen of Cities, and intends to make his appearance as a sculptor. We all know that Mr. Home can do strange things, and shall not be surprised to find that by the evolution of artistic ideas out of his innate consciousness and the spiritualistic action of the Medium upon surrounding circumstances, statues will be produced quite as amazing as the feat of floating upon air or making a suite of furniture perform gymnastic evolutions about a room. We have heard of and have even fac-similes of spirit-drawings. Why not spirit-sculptures? No doubt the visitors at future Art exhibitions are destined to see strange things.

☞ A celebrated philosopher used to say—"The favors of fortune are like steep rocks—only eagles and creeping things mount to the summit."

Keep Your Eye on Your Neighbors.

Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong, if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do any thing very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care, they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be: never mind your own business, that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing something, some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else you can see, and be particular to see a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much like Heaven for the inhabitants of this mundane sphere. If after all your watchful care, you see nothing out of the way in any one, you may be sure it is not because they have not done anything bad; perhaps, in an unguarded moment, you have lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they should be—that you should not wonder if people found out what they were after awhile, then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it agoing, and some one will take the hint and begin to help you after awhile—then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.

A PARAGRAPH FOR BUSINESS MEN.

One fact has come to be pretty universally recognized, viz., that fortunes are not made in trade without some forms of advertising. There are more fortunes established in a judicious system of advertising than in anything else, and knowing exactly how to advertise, is knowing exactly how to get trade. The public have become accustomed to having the claims of all trading establishments presented to them in some form of advertisement. Each man has his own way of expressing himself, and each trade has its own special wants. There is the fact, of course, that the absolute necessaries of life must be bought somewhere, and in the long run people will buy where they can buy the cheapest; but many a shop could, by good advertising, obtain a business in six months which it would otherwise be obliged to wait years for. Everything should be advertised—every new invention, every luxury, every discovery; and it is here that the greatest degree of talent is requisite and manifest. If a man fail in the advertising department of his business, he will fail in all departments.

☞ The New Orleans Era, in describing one of the orators at a Free-State meeting there, says: "Capt. Jones possesses, by hereditary descent and the special gift of Providence, or from constant exercise, a most powerful pair of lungs—if, indeed, he is limited to a single pair—and has the voice of a stentor, with no regard to its legitimate use; and, on this occasion, when he got fairly warmed up by—whatever it might have been—he spoke so loud it was quite impossible to hear him."

☞ Which was the property? was a question very neatly settled the other day by Daniel Drew, the great steamboat proprietor of Gotham. Daniel, although a man of immense wealth, is an old-fashioned Methodist, and dresses very plainly at all times, and sometimes rather shabbily. Being on one of his own steamers, not long since, he was accosted by a passenger, who took him for one of the crew, with the interrogatory: "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said Daniel, quietly, "the boat belongs to me!"

☞ The vestrymen of Christ Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey, have been improving the property under their charge, and at the same time realizing a considerable sum of money by a neat financial arrangement. Finding the pew cushions stuffed with cotton, they had that precious material removed and sold, and the cushions refilled with hair. The net profits to the church by the transaction amounted to $800.

☞ Philosophy of Squalling Children.—That man squalls upon coming into this turbulent and tearful world is a fact which, in all ages, has seemed significant to all minds; but it remained for Hegel to detect its inner meaning—its deeper depth. He saw in those initiatory squalls "the revelation of man's higher nature." Through the "ideal activity" the babe manifests himself to be penetrated by the conviction of his right to claim the satisfaction of his needs from the outer world—that the independence of the outer world vanishes in the presence of man, sinks into servile insignificance. Hence the impetuous imperious tone.

☞ It has been reported that "Egypt," or Southern Illinois, has been disloyal. The report of the Adjutant-General says the ten extreme counties of the state have been called upon for six thousand nine hundred and twenty-six men, and ten thousand one hundred and eighty-six have been furnished.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

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Mrs. LATHROP.
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Mrs. PHOEBE M. CLAPP, *Assis. Sec.*
} Ex-Officio.

WELLSBORO'.

DEAR MRS. MOORE:—For some time I have intended to give you a slight sketch of what we were doing in the western part of Tioga county. The 30th of last April, at your suggestion, some twenty ladies met in Wellsboro', and organized a Soldier's Aid Society, auxiliary to the W. P. B. of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. We had many difficulties to overcome; some slight, some serious. One that appeared discouraging was the want of some means of transportation, for we are twenty-eight miles from Troy, the only available place of shipment, and our county is very hilly and uncultivated. Another was, that last summer we had sent all of our things that we thought we could spare, and now what we did must be by raising a fund, and how was that to be done? Hands and hearts were willing, but purses were light with the majority. But we knew our cause was a holy one, and we struggled on; until now our membership list numbers over one hundred, and we have forwarded to the Commission 16 barrels of potatoes, and 14 barrels and boxes of clothing, edibles, &c., besides we have the satisfaction of stating the existence of two flourishing societies in Charleston, promising fair for the future; one in Chatham Valley, where loyal hearts and hands are busy; one in Cherry Flats, now dormant, and another just formed in Middlebury, and if I mistake not, this last will soon be heard from in the way of good works and gifts. The seed is being widely circulated, and we trust much of it will germinate, and spring up, bearing many hundred folds

You see we are steadily gaining, with strong determinations to persevere; and while there is a sick and suffering soldier, our hearts shall beat with sympathetic feeling, and we will show our loyalty by doing what we can.

Assuring you again and again of our full confidence in the perfect working of the Sanitary Commission,

I remain very truly yours,
L. E. MOORE, Asso. Manager
Western Section, Tioga Co.

In the directions for packing, published in our circulars, will be found the words, 'Every bottle, can, or jar should be carefully labelled." Written labels do not answer the purpose: and it has been suggested that where it is not practicable to label with a marking brush, that little strips of leather should be tied on firmly, and the contents written on the back of the leather. This would save us much extra labor in making out our invoices.

THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, each in turn, have had their great Sanitary Fair, the last always more successful than its predecessor. And now New York is straining every nerve to outdo all. There must needs be a climax in this ascending scale. Why shall not Pennsylvania come in to cap the climax? We are a little slow, we Pennsylvanians, to take up with a new idea; but let us become inoculated, and Pennsylvania yields to no state—Philadelphia yields to no city, the palm for energy, for philanthrophy, for generosity. We can even excel New York, with all her boasted wealth, if we only set about it, and *intend* to do it.

The great "Central Fair" is already christened with a name. The time is fixed for June, and the loyal gentlemen in our community are beginning to get the machinery in working order. A meeting of our citizens will very shortly be called to co-operate with them. Let every lover of mankind, let every one who cares to assuage the sorrows that are flooding our land, come up to this work. Those who have money or the equivalent of money will give of their store. Those who have time and energy will give labor; those who have brains will give us their brain-work. And in this last we must not allow even the Yankees to excel us—in brains—in talents. We have artist—let them give us of their art. Already our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. Hamilton, has promised to paint, for the Fair, a view of Niagara Falls. We have amateur and professional musicians; we have dramatic taste and execution; we have fine readers. Now this Fair will give scope for all. Besides every conceivable thing on sale, restaurant, post-office, and all the usual addenda of Fairs, there will be rooms devoted to amusements, concerts, readings, tableaux, drama, besides galleries of fine arts and curiosities, and indeed everything that our intelligent people can devise and carry out. One of the last propositions (made by a child) is to have a children's department, where things can be for sale for children, and where suitable entertainments will be provided them at a low price of admittance. Sunday schools, day schools, and *all* children are invited to work for and devise plans for the children's department.

Let every one who reads this resolve what he or she can give or do. A farmer in Delaware, (and, by the way, our good neighbors, Delaware and New Jersey, are invited to join hands with us in this work of mercy) at the first hint of a fair, provided a plough; an iron-master, of Pennsylvania, some boiler-plate iron, and an artist a picture. There is nothing made by human skill, or taken from the face of God's earth, that will not be acceptable.

It is scarcely necessary to add one word as motive for this effort. Probably there is no one who doubts that the coming spring and summer will be the bloodiest, the most terrible of the war. While we shudder in thinking of it, let us prepare the oil and the wine to bind up the wounds of our stricken country.

DONATIONS.

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, Philadelphia Agency, No. 1307 Chestnut Street, Philada., Feb. 23d, 1864. The Women's Penn. Branch United States Sanitary Commission, acknowledges the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Ladies' Aid, Milton, North. co., 1 box, S. M. Dougal, Sec'y; Mrs. Benj. Griffith, 1 pkg.; unknown friend, 20 bottles current jelly; St. Luke's Aux. Society, Mrs. Isabella James, Sec'y, 2 pkgs; Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl., No. 44, Miss Ellen Searle; Central Aid, Chester co., 1 box, Rachel S. Price, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Pineville, Bucks co., 1 box, A. R. Trego, Sec'y; Ladies' Aid, Newark, Del., 1 box; Relief League of Maud L. Oxford, Chester co., 2 boxes, Mrs. B. W. Oakford; Mrs. Rhea Barton, woolen socks; Mrs. Samuel Bispham, 1 pkg; clothing, Anon; Mrs. Henry Stone, 20 pairs carpet slippers; All Saints' Church, Torresdale, 1 pkg., Mrs. S. Grant; Misses Lewis, 1712 Spruce street, 1 pkg.; Soldiers' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 1 box, Mrs. H. D. Barton; Germantown Field Hospital Asso., 2 pkgs.; School Lane Circle, Mrs. W. L. Johnson, Sec'y; Lunatic Asylum, Trenton, wool socks, mitts; Kingston Hillside Aid, Miss L. M. Owen, Sec'y, 1 bbl.

HEROIC CAPTURE OF A REBEL COLONEL BY A BOSTON BOY.—A letter dated at Port Hudson, La., Jan. 28, gives the following account of the capture of the rebel Colonel Bradford by a Boston boy, a private in the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry:

"One of our scouts, Philbrick, of the 3d Massachusetts cavalry, recently rode out alone, within the enemy's lines, and captured a rebel colonel, with an audacity that deserves especial notice. Col. Bradford was visiting his affianced at a plantation house four miles from Jackson, where he supposed himself entirely safe, for the rebel pickets were within call. Philbrick, late at night, stole into the negro quarters, and learned from the slaves, who are always our friends, all that he wished to know. Quietly fastening his horse, he crept to the front door, burst it open, and, pistol in hand, astonished the assembled party with the sight of a Union soldier on the rampage.

The scout thundered out his orders to an imaginary company, through the back window, kicked over the whist table, smashing the goblets, and a bottle of 'Widow Cliquot' that had probably paid recent duty at Baton Rouge, disarmed the Colonel, and took both him and his servant prisoners, mounted them on their own horses, and brought them off amid the tears and lamentations of the 'affianced' and her friends. Through by-roads the unlucky Colonel was brought safely to camp, and is now on his way to Virginia with a letter of introduction to General Butler. The prisoner nearly ground up a fine set of natural teeth when he learned that his capture had been effected by a single soldier, armed no better than himself."

The hero of this bold and dashing exploit, says the Journal, is private Charles P. Philbrick, Jr., son of Mr. Charles P. Philbrick, of this city.

MORMONISM.—It would seem that the lately reported schism among the Mormons is making headway. We find the following in the Cincinnati Gazette of Friday:—The copyright of a book was taken out the other day, in the United States District Court having the following title: "A Book of Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Christ of Latter Day Saints, carefully selected from the Revelations of God, as given in the order of their dates." It is, perhaps, known to most readers that there is a formidable schism among these "Saints," the secessionists declaring against polygamy, and contenting themselves with one wife—at least one at a time. An organization based on this idea has been in process of completion in this city for some time past, under the leadership of Joseph Smith, Jr., and Israel L. Rogers, who, in conjunction with others, have published the book above referred to. They say that they have missionaries operating in Brigham Young's dominions, who are very successful in making converts. Their present rendezvous is in the vicinity of Chicago, but they have purchased 30,000 acres of land in Missouri, where they intend to settle when the war is over, and build up a city for the habitation of the faithful.

LORD PALMERSTON has been cleared of all suspicion in the O'Kane scandal case, the suit having been dismissed. The presiding judge, in announcing this result, observed: "The court cannot part with the suit without one word with respect to the correspondent. It is a matter of great satisfaction to the court that a name which is never mentioned in England without just pride should pass from its annals without a stain. (Cheers, which there was no attempt to suppress.")

☞ THE MAHOMETAN ABRAHAM.—The Musselmans have added many particulars to the lives of the personages mentioned in the Bible. Abraham, or Ibrahim, is held by them in great veneration. According to the Koran and its commentators, at the age of fifteen months Abraham was as stout as a youth of fifteen years; and no wonder, as he could maintain himself at a small expense; for he had nothing to do but to suck his fingers, from one he drew excellent milk, and from another, the most delicious honey.

Health for the Sick and Afflicted..

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

Bronchial, or Asthmatic Affections, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Nervous Debility, Night Sweats, all Pulmonary Complaints. Its use is sure to bring health and strength to the weak and prostrated. Dr. Swayne's Compound being the production of a thoroughly educated Physician, and having stood the test of many years' experience, we feel that we cannot urge its claims to the sick too strongly, or say too much in its favor. A few doses will mostly cure a slight Cough or Cold. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. feb27-1y

The only Known Restorer of Color and Perfect Hair Dresser Combined.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

1. It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2. It will make it grow on bald heads.
3. It will restore the natural secretions.
4. It will remove the dandruff and itching.
5. It will make the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
6. It will preserve the original color to old age.
7. It will positively prevent the hair from falling off.
8. It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

It is not a Dye, nor does it contain any ingredient injurious to either skin or hair. Price 50 cents; six bottles, $2.50. Sold by Doctor SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. feb27-1y

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
S. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

BOOKS FOR THE CAMP FIRES—No. 2—is ready. It is claimed to be the cheapest original work yet published. It contains 104 pages, minion, and five spirited illustrations. It is entitled—Clotelle; a Tale of the Southern States, by W. W. BROWN, a native of Kentucky. Price Ten Cents; for which it will be sent to any address, *postage paid*, by the publisher, James Redpath, Boston. No. 3 a Tale by Balzac, "the Dickens of France," will be issued soon. On Picket Duty, by Miss Alcott, No. 1 of this series, has gone to its 2d edition. 7000 were sold in three days.

AN EYE SORE.

How miserable and disconsolate must the unfortunate victim of Scrofulous Sores, Skin Eruptions, disfigured bodies feel, who, by their infirmities and leperous diseases are denied the society of the refined and beautiful. Yet, to these banished mortals from society, there is hope of speedy return, with the full enjoyment of all the pleasures of health and bliss. One to six bottles of Dr. Radway's Renovating Resolvent will cure the worst cases of Skin Diseases, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Swellings of the Glands. Let this medicine be used in all cases where there is a Sore or Skin Disease, and three days' use will give satisfactory evidence of a permanent cure. Price $1 per bottle. Always ask for Radway's Renovating Resolvent.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGHS.—Few are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which, in the beginning, would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give sure and almost immediate relief. *Military Officers and Soldiers should have them, as they can be carried in the pocket, and taken as occasion requires.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Some 9000 bbls Flour have been disposed of, mostly fair to good and choice Penna and Western extra family at $6,87@7,50, including small lots superfine at $6@6,25; extra at $6,50@7,12; 1500 bbls fancy Western family at $8, and $8,50@10 ℔ bbl for fancy brands, as to quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal remain quiet with small sales of the former at $6,25@6,50 ℔ bbl, the latter for better brands.

GRAIN comes in slowly. Sales of 30,000 bus Wheat at $1,60@1,67 for fair to good and choice Western Penna reds, and $1,75 to 1,95 for white. Rye sales at $1,34@1,36. Corn is rather firmer, with sales of 40,000 bus yellow at $1,11@1,12. Oats, 25,000 bus found buyers at 84@86c for Penna. Barley and Malt remain quiet, the latter at $1,70.

PROVISIONS of all kinds continue in demand. Mess Pork is quoted at $22@23,50 for old and new; and dressed Hogs at $10,50@11,50 the 100 lbs. Of Beef we note sales of Hams at $21,50@22—the latter for good brands—and Mess Beef at $12@13 for country and city packed. Bacon is scarce. Of Green Meats, further sales of Hams in pickle are reported at 13½c, Shoulders in salt at 9½@10c, and bulk Sides at 11½c. Lard is active, with sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 14@14½c, and 1200 kegs at 15½@16c ℔ lb, cash. Butter—prices range at 25@30c for common and good Pennsylvania and Ohio, and 30@33c for New York state, the latter for fine Goshen. Cheese is firm at 14@18c for fair to choice. Eggs are lower, and quoted at 22@24c ℔ doz.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and dull. Sales reach 250 bales, in small lots, at 70@83c for ordinary to good middling quality.

ASHES—Pots and Pearls are steady.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and the market is dull at $37 for 1st No. 1. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—Good yellow is quoted at 52@53c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market generally continues unaltered and dull. The receipts are light for the season.

COPPER—The market is firm. Sales of Yellow Metal at 38c for sheets.

COFFEE—Sales of 2500 bags, mostly Laguayra, at 33½@35c, including Rio, in small lots, at 32@35c, Cape at 33c, and Java at 38@40c.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and the sales limited at 60@62c ℔ lb for western.

FRUIT is quiet at $2,50@3,50 for green Apples, and $8@13 ℔ bbl for Cranberries. Dried Fruit moves off slowly, at 9@9¼c for Apples, and 13@15c ℔ lb for unpared Peaches. Pared continue scarce and high.

HAY is rather more active within the range of $25@27 ℔ ton.

HEMP—The market is firm.

HOPS are unchanged and a fair business doing at 25@33c.

IRON—The market is active; sales of No 1 Anthracite at $19@50, cash. A sale of Glendon No 2 is reported at $48¼, cash at the furnace. Scotch Pig is scarce at $51@52 ℔ ton.

LEAD—Galena is quoted at $11¼ the 100 lbs.

LUMBER—The stock is very much reduced. Sales of White Pine Boards at $31@32 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm.

PLASTER—Soft is worth $5,50 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—Sales of 2500 bus Cloverseed at $8,25@8,50 ℔ bus for prime lots; Timothy is selling at $3,50, and Flaxseed at $3,30 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is taken at $1,05. Whiskey continues unsettled and lower. Some small sales are reported at 90@95c for bbls and 88@90c for drudge.

SUGARS—Some 600 hhds Cuba and New Orleans have been disposed of at 13½@14½c for the former and 14½@15¼c for the latter, cash and time, and 250 bbls Sugar House at 12½c, cash.

TALLOW—The demand has fallen off, and the sales are limited at 12@12½c ℔ lb for city.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet.

WOOL—The market continues depressed and dull; sales limited to small lots within the range of 75@83c for common to good and fine fleece.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from $8 to 15 ℔ 100 lbs. 140 Cows brought from $30 to 75 ℔ head. 5000 Sheep were sold at from 8¼ to 9 cents ℔ lb. 1700 Hogs at from $10 to 12 ℔ 100 lbs.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Feb., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. ANDREW C. WILLIAMSON, of Del. co., to Miss LIDA M. COCHRAN, of Chester co., Pa. Delaware and Chester co. papers please copy.

On the 18th of Feb., by the same, Mr. JAS. S. RHOADS, to Miss CATHARINE C. WILLIAMSON, both of Delaware county, Pa. Delaware county papers please copy.

On the 12th of Jan., by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. JACOB CRAFT, to Miss ANNA DOUGHERTY, both of this city.

On the 20th of Feb., 1864, by J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. CHARLES GETCHELL, of Maine, to Miss ELMIRA HUFF, of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Rev. NATHAN B. DURELL, of the Phila. Conference of the M. E. Church, to Miss REBECCA LITTLE, of this city.

On the 18th of Feb., by Friends' ceremony, WILLIAM P. BEDFORD, of this city, to ANNA M. ROBERTS, of Downingtown, Chester county, Pa.

On the 3d of Jan., by the Pastor of Swedes Church, Mr. CHARLES SERAD, to Miss EMMA P. LISTER, both of this city.

On the 16th of Feb., by the Rev. T. J. Shepherd, H. H. SCOTT, formerly of Huntingdon county, Pa., to S. EMILY DAVIS, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Feb., CLINTON GILLINGHAM, aged 40 years.

On the 21st of Feb., GERARDUS CLARKSON, late of Glenwood, Iowa.

On the 21st of Feb., ISAAC DUNTON, in his 26th year.

On the 23d of Feb., Miss MARGARET EWELL, aged 40 years.

On the 23d of Feb., Mrs. MARY ROBERTS, relict of the late Israel Roberts, Sr., in her 81st year.

On the 21st of Feb., Mr. JOSEPH JACOBS, in his 70th year.

On the 20th of Feb., Capt. DAWSON PHENIX, U. S. Navy, in his 37th year.

On the 20th of Feb., ELIZABETH FOSTER, in her 64th year.

On the 20th of Feb., Mr. SAMUEL DUNCAN, aged 49 years.

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FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, 1864.

Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1864

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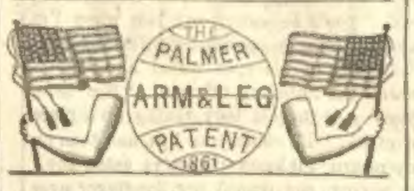

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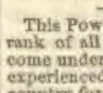

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Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

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STEADY NERVES,
BRISK FEELINGS,
ENERGETIC FEELINGS,
HEALTHY FEELINGS
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A STRONG CONSTITUTION
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 12 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed, &c.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than those inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN,

Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

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Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

FEVER AND AGUE.

The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not lastly to the benefit he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 25, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases induced by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of this kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICES.

Large Size, $1.00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5.00.
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The large Size, on account of the quantity the Bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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Wit and Humor.

AN AUCTION SCENE.

Strolling through our city, we chanced into an auction-room to see what bargains we could make. The auctioneer was upon the stand with a piece of calico.

"Eight cents a yard!—who says ten?"

"I'll give you ten," says an old lady.

"Going at ten! Going!—gone! Yours, madam; walk in and settle."

"I didn't bid on it," exclaimed the old lady, advancing.

"We'll thank persons not to bid, if they don't want an article," said the auctioneer. "Going, then, at eight!—who says more than eight?"

"Nine cents," said an old gentleman opposite to us.

"Nine!—nine!—who says ten? Going at nine! going! gone! Yours, sir. Cash takes it at nine cents."

"I didn't bid," said the old gentleman. "I don't want it—wouldn't give you five cents for the whole piece."

[Auctioneer getting mad.]

"If any one bids again, they will have to take the article or get into trouble," [throwing down angrily the piece of calico.] "Give me something else. Ah! gentlemen, here is a fine piece of diaper. What can I get for this? What do I hear?—anything you please?"

"I'll start it at five." "Ten," says another. "Twelve and a half," says a third. "Thirteen!" cries an old lady—"fourteen!" "fifteen!" says several voices.

"Fifteen, I am offered fifteen!—done at fifteen! can't dwell—going! g-o-i-n-g! GONE! Yours. Step up, whoever bid."

No one came up. All eyes staring in various parts of the room.

"Gone, then, at fourteen? Yours, sir; walk up."

But the bidder could not be made to walk up.

"Thirteen, then, madam; you can have it at your bid."

"I didn't bid; what do you think I want of that article?" said the old lady, indignantly.

"Here, I'll take it at thirteen," exclaimed a voice at the other end of the room. All eyes were turned in that direction, but no claimant came forward.

"Who say's they'll take it at thirteen?"

"I do," said an old farmer. "But I'm afraid it's stolen goods!"

The auctioneer, now quite mad, sprang down and was about collaring the old man, when a person right behind cried—

"Don't strike him! it was I that said you stole it!"

The auctioneer turned round, when a big dog, apparently right at his heels, snuffed and barked most furiously. With a sudden spring upon his counter, he ordered the crowd to leave. An acquaintance at our elbow, no longer able to contain himself, burst into a loud laugh, as a genteel little man passed out at the door, whom he told us was Blitz, the *ventriloquist*.

To the Daughters of the United States.

The following from the *Poughkeepsian* is from the pen of Josh Billings, who, to use one of his own expressions, is "limber" at giving advice; but we must say his injunction to the girls not to be afraid to marry, is quite superfluous. We never yet saw one that was afraid—not much.

Dere Girls:—Keep cool. A blessed futur await yu, enny how. Take lessons in the pianna at onst; piannas are getting skase. Bi awl means larn to pla the nu song that has jist cum out, "When John Brown is over we are father Abraham cumming with this kruel war several strong." This stanza tuk the fust premium at the stat fair. Don't be afrade tew git married, yure ma want afrade. Larn how tew knit pudding bags tu put yure haire in. Be vartuous and pretty. Eat slait pensils; tha wil maik yu spri at figgers. Eat kolone water; that wil maik a good smel. Let yure pettykoats drag on the sidewalks, and if enny man steps on them and tares oph the rim, slap his chops at onst. If yu have got a smal feet, keep 'em hid—smal feet has gone out ov fashun. Studdy travels; Tom Moores and Byrons and Gullivers, and wandering Jew's and Valandigham's iz awl fust rate. If yu kan spare the time be luvly and sweet. Remember one thing, thar ain't nothing in this life worth living for, but a rich husband; if yu don't believe me, ask yure ma. If yu hav got red hair yu had better exchange it for blak; blak hair tha tell me is going tu be worn muchly next year. Don't have enny thing tew du with the boys, unless tha mean bisiness. If yu don't know how tew skate, yu mite as well jine sum travelling nunnery at onst, for yure played out.

EFFECTS OF TOBACCO.—An Irish lady once declared that she could not understand how gentlemen could smoke. "It certainly shortens their lives," said she.

"I don't know that," exclaimed a gentleman; "there's my father, who smokes every blessed day—and he is now seventy years old."

"Well," was the reply, "if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty by this time."

HOW SAM WAS CAUGHT.—An old lady who was making some jam was called upon by a neighbor. "Sam, you rascal," she said, "you'll be eating my jam when I'm away." Sam protested he'd die first; but the whites of his eyes rolled hungrily towards the bubbling crimson. "See here, Sam," said the old lady, taking up a piece of chalk, "I'll chalk your lips, and then on my return I'll know if you've eaten any." So saying, she passed her forefinger over the thick lip of her darkey, holding the chalk in the palm of her hand, and not letting it touch him. When she came back, she did not need to ask any questions, for Sam's lips were chalked a quarter of an inch thick.

A FISHY PUN.—The author of the Memoir of Edward Livingston, tells us that punning was a feature in Mr. Livingston's conversation all his life; though, as to the quality of his attempts of this kind he was never very nice or vain. He used to declare that the only good pun he had ever produced was while he was asleep. He had dreamed that he was present in a crowded church, at the ceremony of the taking of the veil by a nun. The novice's name was announced as Mary Fish. The question was then put, who should be her patron saint. "I awoke myself," said Livingston, "by exclaiming, 'Why, St. Polly Carp, (Pollycarp,) to be sure!'"

NEAR SIGHTED CAPTAIN OF COMPANY TO DIRTY PRIVATE.—"Your belts are always dirty, sir, what the d—ce do you mean by it, sir?"

DIRTY PRIVATE.—"Plase, sir, I think it rather hard for me to clean anything with my naked h'eye, and have them inspected through a magnifying glass."

WALKING.

As much as by any other organs of the body is efficient circulation of the blood dependent upon the proper use of the legs. These organs are essentially the propelling organs of the human body, and therefore have more to do with maintaining a thorough, yet equal circulation of the blood throughout all parts of the body than any other of the voluntary organs. They are therefore, and with great propriety, called the locomotive organs. By them chiefly we are enabled to move from place to place. Their importance to the organism in the general economy may therefore be adjudged to be proportional to the effect in every direction worked out by means of man's being able to move from place to place. If one would stop a moment and think what would be the result of making *a fixture* of a creature so richly endowed with thought and feeling as man is, he then could readily draw a conclusion as to the importance to him of the locomotive organs. Very much, at different times, has been written of the human hand—of the mysterious power God has wrapped up in it, and what wonderful achievements have been wrought out by it. But I doubt very much whether human society would not have been at this day much farther advanced had men been born without hands, yet having legs, than it could possibly have been had men been made *with* hands, but without legs. I do not wish to run comparison or contrast between them. They are made, each in their place, to subserve great and wise purposes, and to support each other, and human beings cannot afford to live without either or both.

Walking is the best—by far the best—means at a human being's disposal, for securing habitual, yet very thorough and well distributed circulation of the blood throughout all parts of the body. It is the only exercise which, in the department of circulation, covers the entire necessities of the physical frame. No other can be substituted for it. Any gymnastic exercises which exclude the use of the legs are to the whole organism far inferior than the use of the legs would be, were these exercises dispensed with. And if the legs are properly used, such gymnastic exercises are entirely unnecessary for all purposes of health. They only are valuable when the occupation or pursuit of the person is to be such as to demand of him great strength of the bones and muscles of the trunk of the body and the arms. They are not needful to health in the least degree, if proper exercise by walking is habitually taken; for this will keep the brain clear, the lungs healthy, the digestion complete, the circulation sufficient. A pedestrian is therefore a better developed man, in all parts of his body, than any man can be who adopts any and all other means of developing his body, without using his legs. Nature has laws by which she carries on her processes uniformly. You will see, therefore, that this rule is true, if you will take an analogous view of it. For, to use Charles Reade's words in Christie Johnson, "Nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the ideas of the ancient sculptors and poets—not of modern poetasters, who, with thin, airy-like sylphs and thin, smoke-like verses, fight *for want* of flesh in woman, and want of fact in poetry, as parallel beauties."

Animals whose nature demands of them that they roam largely and make chief use of their organs of locomotion, are invariably, under circumstances favorable to nutrition, found to be symmetrically developed. In truth, they are more thoroughly so than they are seen to be, when they are deprived largely of the use of their legs, but put to other special uses, involving the exercise and vigorous exertion of other parts of the body. The draught-horse, whose business is to carry heavy loads, will have his development of tissue at those points where you use him; but, to a large degree, this special development is outside of the model horse, and if continued long enough, will become a fixed condition, to be transmitted by ordinary generation, thus constituting a new type or breed—from which, however, no horse raiser will ever proceed to breed, with the idea in his mind of reconstituting the model animal. It is the race-horse, whose labors are chiefly worked up through the exercise of his organs of locomotion, which presents to you the model symmetry under which the animal is made—Nature settling the principle that to overcome imperfection in any animal organism, you must resort to the original standard. Hence all horse-breeders, the world over, take their cue therefrom, and reproduce the horse through the use of that class of animals which are famous for their speed, or the power of their organism, developed through the use of their legs.—*Laws of Life.*

BALL-DRESSES.

The ball-dresses as at present made in Paris are daily becoming more costly, not so much in ornaments as in the quantity of material they require. The grand object appears to be to make them as cloudlike as possible, and to attain this end some of the leading dressmakers use up for a single dress, in tulle ruches and goffered ribbon, no less a measure than six or seven hundred yards! It appears marvellous, but it will be readily understood when we take into consideration a white tarlatane dress with fifteen rows of tulle ruching upon the skirt, sewn on to form vandykes, each row following the line of the first. Such a dress has truly a cloudlike effect, and requires only a gold band in the hair.

Nothing is easier than to make a ball-dress which will be very pretty, and still cost very little money; taste is the only requisite. The following, for example, is easy enough to be made at home by amateur hands. White tarlatane is the material wanted, and the skirt should be ornamented as far as the knee with very narrow pinked-out flounces; these narrow flounces, instead of being placed straight along the width of the skirt, are placed crossway up the length of it in sets of threes, that is to say, three flounces of white tarlatane alternating with three flounces of colored tarlatane, cerise, pink, maize, or sky-blue. The pointed low boddice has a berthe composed of six very narrow flounces alternating in twos; a wide taffetas sash of the same color as the tarlatane is fastened to the waist at the back, and floats with long ends.

Agricultural.

Turkeys Devouring Their Young.

A very curious circumstance took place among our poultry some days ago, one which shows how necessary it is that they should be kept well supplied with animal food, and how, to obtain it, they will in cases of great urgency transgress the natural feeling of protection to their kind, and destroy each other.

Late in November we had a brood of young turkeys, and being rather an unusual circumstance at that time of the year, we took particular care of them, and to protect them from the cold shut them up in a glass-house, having covered the paved ground with straw, that it might not give them the cramp. Here they seemed to thrive very well, though some, as might be expected, died; but four lived to the present time, and though small for their age, are well covered with feathers. A few days since one of these got the cramp, and was more weakly than the others, so much so that we feared it would not live, and went often to look at it. On the occasion of one of our visits we had watched them for a few minutes, and noticed that the mother-bird seemed restless and uncomfortable, walking about the place in a most excited state. Perhaps she wanted food—but no, that could not be the case, for there was plenty of several kinds near her; her water-pan also was full, so she did not need to drink. But, presently, what was our surprise on seeing her dash upon her sickly young one, place her foot upon it as an eagle does to secure her prey, keep it so for a moment, and then commence eating her poor little victim, which we did not rescue, being curious to see how much of it this unnatural mother would devour. She seemed to relish her feast, and actually finished half of the little bird before her craving for animal food was satisfied.

Such a case as this had never before come within my knowledge, though our farmer declared that he had known many such. Be this as it may, we cannot but think the craving for animal food must have been very great, to cause a mother bird to devour her chick, who, though sickly, had grown to a pretty good size, and was perfectly feathered! When at liberty, this necessity is supplied by the worms and other insects which a bird may be seen to turn up the earth in search of, but which, in confinement, they cannot procure. I, therefore, advise any person who keeps poultry, to see that occasionally they are provided with animal food. It need not be given to them very often, but I cannot name any stated times, as different birds require more or less according to their natural habits, which can be ascertained by observing them when they are on a lawn or in any other place where they are in search of insects.—*English Paper.*

JUMPING SHEEP:
A Remedy that Does Not Work.

Editor Mass. Ploughman:—In your paper of January 16th, I saw an account, "To cure sheep from jumping." It was to punch a hole in each ear, and to tie them together—so that they could not work. I tied my buck's ears together, so that they touched each other. I thought I should not have to chase him over my neighbors grounds any more. But I was mistaken. As soon as I let him go, he walked up to a fence five feet high, looked at it a moment, and over he went, and was off again. I don't know whether he was an extraordinary jumper. If any one can give any information on the subject, they will oblige,

A BEGINNER.

REMARKS: The article referred to was taken from the Ohio Farmer, which made the statement on the authority of a correspondent. In copying it we did not endorse it, and the report of our friend who has made the experiment without success, will no doubt satisfy many readers, that simply tying a sheep's ears together, will not take all the jump out of its legs.—*Editor Mass. Ploughman.*

A REMEDY FOR HOVEN.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following remedy for this alarming and often fatal disorder:—

"Take a round stick of hard wood about 1½ inch in diameter, and one foot long; tie a string to each end, put the stick in the mouth of the animal, and tie the strings together back of the horns, so as to hold the stick firmly in the mouth. The animal will be immediately relieved, and will be as well as ever in the space of five minutes.

"We have relieved many cattle in this way, and have not failed as yet in a single instance. Last summer we had a case in which a cow ate very freely of clover, and when discovered was so badly swollen that when standing she could not keep her hind feet together, but would thrust one as far back as possible. In five minutes after placing the stick in her mouth she was chewing her cud.

"The remedy is simple, and with us has certainly been efficacious."

GREEN CHEESE.—The one grand error in American cheese-making is the want of care in not ripening the cheese before it is sent to market. We all know that there is considerable difference between a green pear and a mellow one; between a Baldwin apple in the fall, and after it has been kept a few months to ripen. So there is much difference between curd and cheese. The curd is the green apple, the cheese the ripened fruit. If you were going to send hay to market, you would not send the green grass fresh from the field, and yet you often sell your cheese when it is as green as grass. In the Cheshire dairies of England, so celebrated for cheese, none is ever sold until it is six months old. The cheeses are kept in a moderately warm room until thoroughly ripened and cured, with that outside mould so indicative to a practiced eye, of a rich, fine flavored, ripe cheese.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

FLUMMERY.—Boil down calves feet into a stiff jelly, free it perfectly from fat, meat, &c., and clear it through a jelly-bag until it is bright and transparent. Blanch 1 oz. of bitter almonds and 1 oz. of sweet, and beat them to a pulp in a mortar, adding a little rose-water from time to time during the process. Warm a pint of the calf's-foot stock, beat the almonds into it, sweeten it to taste, and when it is cool mix in a pint of cream, and keep stirring it until it is thick and cool. Wet the moulds in cold water, and then pour in the flummery, do not turn it out until the next day, when let the mould be dipped into cold water before attempting to turn it out. Warm water destroys the brightness of the surface, and the sharp edges of the figures.

ITALIAN BALLS.—Take equal quantities of veal and ham or bacon, fat and lean. Pound them together, and season them with pepper, salt, and a little onion, if it be approved of. Then take an equal quantity with the meat of boiled rice, and beat in amongst it two or three yolks of eggs, according to the quantity you have. Mix all well together, and divide it into balls about as large as an orange, and tie each ball separately in a cloth or cabbage leaf. Put them in a stewpan with gravy, if you have it, if not with water, and let them stew gently for two hours, when they may be served. If they have been done in cloths turn them out, but if in leaves serve them in them. Thicken the gravy with butter and flour, and pour it over. N. B.—They are very good made of cold veal, or cold mutton.

SOUP.—Devonshire receipt:—4 pounds of rice, 1½ pound of bacon, 6 onions, pepper, spice, and salt, boiled in 10 quarts of water, will make enough for a good meal for 12 men.

RAVIOLA.—The following is the Genoese manner of cooking maccaroni, the paste being generally prepared at home:—Beat up the yolks and whites of 4 eggs, and mix them with 1 pound of fine flour, and as much water as will be found necessary to make them into a stiff paste. Roll the paste out until it is very thin, and then cut it with a paste-runner into small rounds. Boil a little spinach until very tender, chop it up extremely fine; boil also some calves' brains, and mince them fine; then add the white part of a cooked fowl, pounded fine. Season with nutmeg, cayenne, and salt, and put a teaspoonful of this mixture into each round of paste; double the paste round as for dumplings, taking care to preserve their shape, and, twenty minutes before the dinner-hour, throw them into boiling water; let them boil quickly. Drain them in a cullender, place them in a hot tureen, and scatter between and over them plenty of grated Parmesan cheese. Pour over the whole one pint of rich, thick, brown gravy. Stewed mushrooms, cut into small pieces, are a great improvement, put over the raviolas. Sometimes the mushrooms are stowed with the meat which makes the gravy.

HOME-BREWED ALE.—G. Burton, in the *Rural New Yorker*, gives his method of making home-brewed ale as follows:—

"The art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt into a tea-pot; then fill it with water—the first time rather under boiling heat. After it has stood some time, pour off the liquor just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water. In a similar manner pour that off, and so go on filling up and pouring off till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which will be the case when all its virtue is extracted. The liquor or malt tea must then be boiled with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough—that is, about blood heat—add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing; and to brew a large quantity requires the same mode of proceeding as it would to make a tea breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and four ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, and of a better quality than can usually be purchased."

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 14, 3, 20, 12, 18, is a plant grown by farmers.
My 1, 2, 11, is a boy's name.
My 5, 4, 12, 17, is a troublesome insect.
My 6, 12, 17, is a small animal.
My 18, 7, 12, is something that we drink.
My 9, 8, 10, 16, 16, 20, is a girl's name.
My 13, 13, 9, is something which ladies use.
My 15, 12, 17, is a covering for the head.
My 19, is a personal pronoun.
My 21, 16, 5, 3, 18, is what people ought to do.
My whole is the name of a celebrated poet of America. KATIE.

Germantown.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Dock me of head and foot, and I am an animal.
Cut out my centre and transpose, and I relate to harvest.
Again transpose, and I am a fruit.
My whole is one of the most useful of manufactured articles, and at this time commands a high price. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am an instrument 'tis true,
Not to amuse but work for you;
To every home I find my way,
And thousands use me every day.

Transpose, and I a verb will be,
Auxiliary, as you will see;
I'm always in the past tense found,
And have no taste, or smell, or sound.

Behead, and use me as you please,
I unite sentences with ease;
And *sometimes* a relation show,
To very many verbs I know.

Prompton, Pa. VICKIE SPENCER.

MISCELLANEOUS ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rose yet!	A rope?
Charm *tew?*	I rot tar!
Do to sip Rye?	Is new?
E——, yet leave.	It or *part!*
CAUSE.	Xingo lent.
My inch E——?	

JOS. S. ROSS, Jr.

Richmond Place, Cincinnati.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

P owns a four sided tract of land, containing within the four consecutive corners A, B, C, and D, in area 57 acres and 60 perches of land. The first side thereof, beginning at corner A to B is found 24 perches less than the second side, from corner B to C; and this second side, from corner B to C, is found again 24 perches less than the third side, from corner C to corner D. The length of the fourth side, from corner D to A is in dispute: but both corners A D are said to be right angled corners, and by this it is presumed the length of all the four sides can be found. And a rule and a solution of the problem is expected.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a swarm of bees like a popular serial? Ans.—Because they come out in numbers.

☞ Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father? Ans.—Because he is a little Bigger.

☞ What kind of cake do our boys in the army get the most of? Ans.—Stomach-ache.

☞ Why is a ploughed field like feathered game? Ans.—Because it is part-ridges.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"My only regret is that I have but one life to loose for my country." ENIGMA—The Union Refugees. CHARADE—Lottery (Lot—tea—ry.) CHARADE—Currency (Cur—wren—sigh.)

Answer to Wm. S. Totten's PROBLEM published Jan. 9th. Any price will satisfy the conditions stated therein. Artemas Martin, Morgan Stevens, Francis W. Hibbard, Reuben Barto, W. J. Barrett, Gill Bates, and W. Siverly.

Answer to PROBLEM given by Francis W. Hibbard, published Jan. 9th. 24. Gill Bates, Artemas Martin, Reuben Barto, Morgan Stevens, and F. W. Hibbard.

Answer to PROBLEM by Morgan Stevens, Jan. 16th. The sides of one triangle are—29. 29. 40. and of the other 37. 37. 24. Reuben Barto, Morgan Stevens, W. Siverly, Gill Bates, Artemas Martin, and M. Stevens.

Answer to PROBLEM by F. C. Flemming, same date. 25 yards long and 20 yards wide. Artemas Martin, Gill Bates, C. L. Newbold, J. C. Leslie, W. J. Barrett, F. W. Hibbard, Morgan Stevens, W. Siverly, Reuben Barto, and author.

☞ Such as hear disobliging discourse, and repeat it again to the persons concerned, are much mistaken if they think to oblige them by such indiscreet confidence.